McKean County Miner.

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WE WIN TWO EASILY FROM MT. JEWETT.

Friday's Game Was 18 to 5—Tuesday's Game 15 to 4.

UMPIRES DIDN'T HELP US, EITHER.

We Win Both Games in First Inning. Croissant Back Again—Derrick City Takes Port's Place.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

	Won	Lost	Per cent.
Smethport	8	1	.889
Mt. Jewett	3	5	.375
Derrick City	3	4	.333
Eldred	2	5	.285

After the reorganization of the Mt. Jewett baseball team the fans of that place got the notion in their heads that they had the best team in the league and they tried to stimulate this claim by alleging that their previous defeat here was due to the umpire's decisions rather than the strength of our bunch but now all these erroneous ideas have been batted out of their heads and they are left to face the hard facts that Mt. Jewett is in no way in the same class with the county seat crowd on the diamond.

Last Friday we journeyed up on the mountain and gave the first lesson to the reorganized organization for which some of our speculators were remunerated in coin of the realm. They had hired an umpire to come from Kane and some of their fans probably supposed because he was hired by Mt. Jewett that he would work diligently for their interests and therefore sought to double or triple their money for our speculators were not averse to giving two to one, but for some reason Umpire Hanley thought he was only hired to give fair and impartial decisions and therefore those few mountain sports who carried this wrong idea are poorer but wiser, we hope.

Our boys, seeing the color of Mt. Jewett money, did not know just what they were against so we trust they will be pardoned for their piggishness in run getting in the first inning when it is considered that they were fairly lenient with their hosts after they found the umpire was on the square.

Andrews started the game by touching Benson up for a single and Tull got hit, but in attempting a double steal Andrews was caught at third. Daniels and Keefer lined out two baggers and McCabe, Young and Fuller reached first on errors, Denning hit for two bags and Estry got hit, Andrews was passed, Tull hit safely, Estry was caught at home. Daniels got a life on an error and when Keefer mercifully retired the side by fanning it was discovered that we had piled up nine runs. Fuller, who occupied the rubber for us, decided we were too far ahead to play good so he gave Davis a pass just to show that he could catch him napping off first, which he did. Cleveland got a hit and when Magee struck out Daniels gave his arm some exercise by throwing it into the crowd, scoring Cleveland, but Fuller put a stop to these frolics by fanning Gardner.

The second inning found Davie Davis in the center of the diamond and his determined look, inlaid with a confident smile, gave the mountaineers courage and long odds tempted one or two others to part with their coin. McCabe singled, stole second and trotted home on Fuller's two bagger. Fuller kept trotting on and was tagged before he reached third and Young going out in the meantime. Estry's strike out retired us. Denning dropped a hard fly in left field and Zeke toyed with one, putting two on bases, and both scored on an error and a hit, making the score 10 to 3 at the end of the second. Easter greetings were exchanged in the third.

Keefer opened the fourth with a two bagger and McCabe and Young followed with singles. Fuller took first on an error and consoled Davis by letting himself be caught off first, Denning made a single but refused to stop running until he was tagged near third base, and when Estry's grounder to short retired the side we had three more tallies. Three men faced Fuller.

We took a rest in the fifth and only three men batted. For Jewett two hits, two stolen bases and a passed ball got them two runs.

In the sixth Keefer hit for two bags and McCabe for one, but as we had enough runs the next three retired without scoring. Three faced Fuller.

Our boys were generous in the seventh and only took two runs on two hits, a steal, a passed ball, an error and three bases on balls. Fuller hit Cook and three others faced him. Neither team scored in the eighth, although four of our men reached first, but we didn't need runs.

Errors along with one hit just forced three more runs on us in the ninth, while four men faced Fuller and the game ended 18 to 5.

It is hard to guess what the score would have been had our team really played their best. Fuller did not half try to pitch and along toward the last he did his best to let them hit safely but they only got five hits in the whole game, while we got five off Benson in the first and fourteen more off Davis in the remaining eight innings. Just to show what the result might have been we state that 27 Smethport players reached first base and only 11 Mt. Jewett players performed the same feat.

The tabulated score follows:

Smethport	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Andrews, cf	4	2	2	0	0	0
Tull, ss	5	2	1	0	7	0
Daniels, c	5	1	2	6	2	1
Keefer, 1st	5	3	4	14	1	1
McCabe, 3d	5	2	3	0	5	0
Young, rf	6	3	1	0	0	0
Fuller, p	5	2	2	1	8	0
Denning, lf	5	1	1	3	0	1
Estry, 2d	3	1	1	5	0	0
Total	43	18	19	27	18	4
Mt. Jewett	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Davis, lf-p	3	1	1	2	4	2
Cleveland, c	4	1	1	8	4	0
McGee, rf	4	0	0	1	1	1
Benson, p-cf	2	0	0	1	0	1
Gardner, cf	2	0	0	0	0	1
Collins, 1st	4	1	0	6	1	2
McCarty, ss	4	1	0	2	2	0
Berkwater, 3d	4	0	1	5	0	0
Cook, lf	3	0	0	0	0	3
Madigan, 2d	3	1	2	2	2	0
Total	33	5	5	27	14	11

Smethport	0	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	8—18
Mt. Jewett	1	2	0	0	2	0	0	0	0— 5

Stolen bases—Tull 2, McCabe, Young; Davis, Berkwater, Madigan.
Two base hits—Andrews, Daniels, Keefer 3, Fuller, Denning.
Bases on balls—off Fuller 1; off Benson 1; off Davis 5.
Hit by pitched ball—by Fuller 1; by Benson 2, by Davis 1.
Struck out—by Fuller 7; by Benson 1, by Davis 5.
Passed balls—Daniels 2; Cleveland 3.
Time of game—1:40.
Umpire—Hanley.

SECOND LESSON, TUESDAY.

On Tuesday the Mt. Jewett aggregation came down here for their second lesson and as Manager Colegrove did not want them to run away during recess because of any ill treatment or dissatisfaction as to the government of the pupils he had them bring Umpire McCarty along. He was given full control of the decesions and that he took advantage of the power vested in him no one who saw the game will question. The manager also had it understood that there should be no kicking on his decisions and the only objection raised was that he did not speak loud enough. This ordinarily is not considered a serious fault but in this game it was different. Occasionally a Smethport player would walk away from a base without any apparent reason while Mt. Jewett players would stay on the bases when the audience thought they ought to go back and sit down. Had the umpire's voice been better this troubles would have been eliminated. Manager Colegrove had another object in view when he selected the umpire and that was to show those people, whom the Mt. Jewett News alleges claimed that Umpire Knapp was the worst they ever saw, that poorer umpires could be found and in this he succeeded beyond his fondest hopes. But as we all agreed not to kick mum's the word.

The first thing to do was to correct a mistaken idea the Mt. Jewett crowd had that Pitcher Benson was responsible for their defeat on Friday and as Davis appeared on the rubber, after three Mt. Jewett men had faced Denning, it did not take long to accomplish this task. Andrews opened with a single, Tull got hit, Daniels singled and Keefer waited in vain for one good enough to hit. Daniels, on second, thought he was a spectator until Dewey tagged him. Then Young and Croissant took first on errors and Estry, Denning and Andrews singled and Tull and Daniels got out, but during this time eight men had crossed the home plate and all hope was lost for the visitors. This slaughter was followed by an exchange of Easter greetings.

The visitors scored two in the third on two hits, a passed ball, an error and a sacrifice. We took two on a hit, a pass to first followed by two singles.

Mt. Jewett got four men to bat in the fourth, and we added two more tallies on three hits, an error and a sacrifice.

Two hits and two errors landed two more for our guests in the fifth, while we only took one. After this the visitors only got two men to first base and they were both retired on double plays. We took a run in the sixth and one in the eighth just to keep from catching cold and when the tallies were counted Smethport had 15 and Mt. Jewett 4.

Following is the tabulated score:

Mt. Jewett	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Davis, p	4	0	0	1	1	0
Cleveland, c	3	1	1	5	1	0
Collins, 1st	4	0	0	12	0	0
McGee, lf	4	0	1	0	0	0
Berkwater, 3d	3	0	0	1	2	3
McCarty, ss	3	0	0	3	3	1
E. Benson, 2d	4	0	1	2	3	2
Johnson, cf	4	1	1	0	0	0
J. Benson, rf	3	2	2	0	0	1
Total	32	4	6	24	10	7
Smethport	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Andrews, cf	5	1	3	1	1	1
Tull, ss	4	2	0	2	6	0
Daniels, c&2b	4	0	1	4	1	1
Keefer, 1st	4	1	2	11	0	0
McCabe, 3b	5	2	2	3	2	0
Young, rf	5	2	0	1	0	0
Croisant l f&c	4	4	3	2	1	0
Estry, 2d&lf	3	2	3	3	1	0
Denning, p	5	1	1	0	1	1
Total	35	15	17	27	13	3

Mt Jewett	0	0	2	0	1	0	0	0	0—4
Smethport	3	0	3	2	1	1	0	1	4—15

Stolen bases—McCabe 2, Young, Croisant 2; Collins, McGee.
Two base hits—McCabe, Denning.
Double plays—Tull to Daniels to Keefer; Andrews to Keefer; McCarty to Berkwater.
Bases on balls—off Denning 1; off Davis 4.
Hit by pitched ball—by Davis 1.
Struck out—by Denning 7; by Davis 4.
Passed balls—Daniels 2; Cleveland 2.
Wild pitch—Davis 1.
Time of game—1:40.
Umpire—McCarty.

BENEFIT GAME.

To-morrow at Kane Field two Smethport teams will play a game of base ball for the benefit of Charles Croissant, who has been laid up with a broken finger for the last three weeks. Croissant has worked faithfully for the team this season and as his injury has made it impossible for him to do any work the game should be well patronized. Admissions same as usual. The teams will picked from the following as near as possible:

Croissant	Young
Denning	Fuller
Purtle	Keefer
Daniels	Estry
Morrison	McCabe
Tull	Bell
Andrews	Stull
Ramer	Rubin
King	McClure
McCoy	F. Denning
Heath	Brown

BASE BALL IN BRIEF.

The Coudersport base ball team was disbanded on Tuesday of last week. The team is now on the stock company order and may play for two weeks with teams about this section of the country.

The Port Allegany team did not play at Eldred Friday last. Port was compelled to quit on account of poor patronage. Derrick City fills the vacancy in the McKean league.

It is now in order to remark, "Will somebody please head us off."

"Umpiring! Why it's so rotten that the board of health should be notified," was the comment of a spectator at Tuesday's Mt. Jewett-Smethport game.

Smethport's next home league game is with Derrick City, Sept. 7.

The Smethport fans are glad to see Charley Croissant back in the game. He is a good catcher and plays ball every minute in any position he is placed.

The barbers and clerks will play a game of ball at Kane Field Monday afternoon.

HOW THEY STAND.

Keefer's terrific hitting of the past two games places him at the head of the list, and taking the number of chances into consideration, he practically leads in fielding. Croissant celebrated his return to the game by raising both his batting and fielding averages. The records so far show him to be equal to any run-maker on the team. Denning takes a big jump in batting and McCabe continues to increase his average. Estry makes a good showing for the three games played.

BATTING.

Player	G.	A B.	R	H	Ave.
Keefer	12	52	15	21	.404
Estry	3	13	3	5	.385
McCabe	19	82	26	31	.378
Stull	8	35	11	13	.371
Andrews	14	61	19	22	.360
Daniels	13	45	16	16	.356
Denning	19	77	28	26	.340
Tull	17	76	28	25	.329
Fuller	7	28	6	7	.250
Young	12	54	10	13	.241
King	9	31	7	7	.226
Croissant	15	65	13	14	.215
McClure	13	54	8	7	.129
Ramer	10	35	6	4	.114

FIELDING.

Player	G	P O	A	E	Ave.
Stull f	9	5	2	0	1.000
Keefer 1b	12	127	3	7	.942
Croissant c	15	116	15	11	.923
Daniels c-2b	13	59	25	7	.915
Estry 2b-f	3	6	3	1	.900
McClure f-2b	13	4	10	2	.875
Young 2b-c-f	13	84	7	8	.854
Denning p-f	10	30	22	9	.853
Fuller p	7	2	15	3	.850
McCabe 3b-p	19	42	49	18	.835
Tull p-ss	17	15	58	14	.830
Andrews 1b-f	14	17	4	7	.750
King 1b-2b-f-ss	9	18	11	13	.708
Ramer f	10	9	1	6	.625

LEAGUE GAMES TO BE PLAYED.

Sept. 1, Eldred at Derrick City.
Sept. 7, Derrick City at Smethport.
Sept. 9, Mt. Jewett at Eldred.
Sept. 13, Eldred at Smethport.
Sept. 15, Derrick City at Mt. Jewett.
Sept. 20, Smethport at Eldred; Mt. Jewett at Derrick City.

Tickled the Kane Republican.

The base ball writer (?) on the Kane Republican had quite a spasm over the defeat of the Smethport amateurs by Kane's salaried, professional team last Wednesday. As a mattor of fact the Smethport team was decidedly weak that day, owing to the inability of several players to participate, and that Denning was compelled to do the pitching after working hard for six innings on Tuesday.

This fellow, in a burst of facetious foolishness, refers to Smethport as a "sloppy" town. He probably tried to write "sloppy," and, so far as his article as a wholé is concerned, succeeded. But wouldn't it make you smile to think of a resident of that weather-beaten hilltop referring to the prettiest town in the county in that way.

It is nothing strange that a trained team of professional ball players recruited from all over the country should defeat our young men, who are employed at various trades and play ball as a pastime. But it has been demonstrated numerous times in the past that Kane never turned out a team of resident players that could defeat Smethport's home grown club, and that fact remains unchanged to this day.

The Grange Picnic.

The annual basket picnic of Grange No. 1,298, Patrons of Husbandry of McKean county, which is fast becoming the big event of our sturdy farmers as well as many others, was held at the grove in Coryville on Tuesday. People from all parts of the county commenced flocking in early in the morning on trains and in rigs and it is estimated that nearly two thousand were in attendance. Every grange in the county as well as many from adjoining counties was represented and it safe to say that all enjoyed themselves hugely. Beginning at 1 o'clock in the afternoon an extended program of vocal, instrumental and literary selections was rendered by members of the various granges in the county. Addresses were delivered by Hon. Oliver Wilson, master of the Illinois State Grange; Hon. H. L. Martin, director of institutes, of Harrisburg and H. B. Milward of Bradford.

Two games of ball were features of the day's outing. In the morning the Coryville team was defeated by a Sartwell team by a score of 9 to 2. The afternoon game was between Roulette and Coryville. The home team had been strengthened by Sherer and King of East Smethport for the battery and Roulette was also loaded. The Roulette aggregation won the game by a score of 5 to 6.

A platform dance was held in the evening and Chadwick's orchestra of this place furnished the music. This event was largely patronized by both young and old and when the lights went out in the early morning all went home feeling that the day had been full of pleasure.

Waited for Bertrand to Snore.

The following Chicago dispatch to the Bradford News tells of Bertrand Mullette, who was formerly an organist and all around musical athlete in Smethport:

By hiding two women friends in a clothes closet at night and then inducing her husband to talk of his past, Mrs. Bertrand Mullette secured evidence which caused Justice Wolff yesterday to hold Mullette to the criminal court. The charge against him is bigamy.

Mrs. Mullette cautioned her friends not to venture out until they heard her husband snore. Not until 2 a. m. did Miss Ettinger hear the welcome sound. On the night Mrs. Giles was hidden in the closet Mullette snored before midnight.

"I had been in the closet only a short time," said Miss Ettinger, "when Mr. Mullette came. Mrs. Mullette immediately began to draw the topic of conversation around to his former life. He told her that he had inadvertently married another woman before he met his present wife, and that the other person was still living and not divorced from him.

"Mrs. Mullette had told me not to attempt to leave until I heard her husband snore, but he continually moved in his sleep. Would you believe it, Judge, it was 2 o'clock in the morning before that man snored a single snore? When I heard the welcome sound I clambered over a trunk and got out of my unpleasant position and went home."

"He made a similar confession while I was hidden in the same closet the following night," said Mrs. Giles.

Smethport Schools Open.

The Smethport graded schools opened Monday morning with a large attendance and everything points to a most prosperous and satisfactory school year both to pupils and the public. There are between 450 and 500 pupils enrolled and we have a corps of eleven instructors: Principal, Mr. T. T. Allen; assistant principals, Miss Mary Cotton and Miss Carrie Day; seventh and eighth grades, Miss Lucile M. Hinman; sixth grade, Miss Emma Tretton; fifth grade, Miss Nellie Masser; fourth grade, Miss Frances Campbell; third grade, Miss Eva Flemming; second grade, Miss Mabel Foote; first grade, Miss Stella Hinman and Miss Ethel Gifford. This able corps of teachers should make this one of the best schools of the state.

Killed at Hazelhurst.

Henry Curler, aged 55 years, was almost instantly killed on Monday afternoon at Hazelhurst while engaged in dismantling a handle factory. A large beam became loosened from its position on two posts and fell to the ground, pinning Curler underneath it. His head was crushed in a terrible manner. The remains were brought to Bradford yesterday and from here were shipped to his former home at Union City for burial. The deceased had been a resident of Hazelhurst about eight years and is survived by a widow and one son.—Bradford Era. He was well known to hunters and dog fanciers throughout this section of the country and many expressions of deep regret are heard over his untimely end.

Less Feed,

More milk and better stock by using So-Bos-So on your cattle.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Good baby carriage for sale at a decided bargain. For particulars inquire of William Monheimer.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

"Uncle" Niles Kinney of Annin Creek met with a painful accident one day last week. He was superintending the driving of some posts on his farm, and accidentally placed his hand on the top of the post before the man handling the maul was through driving. The consequence was that his hand was frightfully mangled. It is feared that he will lose some of his fingers. He will be laid up with a painful hand a long time at all events.

Watrous—In Lafayette, June 1, 1875, died of scarlet fever and diphtheria, Maudie Watrous, adopted and only child of W. F. and Emma Watrous, of Warren, Pa., aged 6 years and 22 days.

A brakeman on the McKean & Buffalo railroad met with a serious accident at Larrabee on Saturday of last week. He was caught between two cars while engaged in coupling them and so severely jammed that his life was first despaired of. Dr. Freeman was immediately summoned, and we learn that there is good prospects for his recovery.

One of those sad and terrible tragedies that are becoming of so frequent occurrence of late, took place in our borough on Sunday evening. Chas. E. Bailey put an end to his existence by his own hand, deliberately and premeditatedly. He came here Friday and was in the company of several of his friends of this place up to the time of committing suicide, and seemed apparently in cheerful spirits. At about half-past ten Sunday evening he swallowed one-eighth of an ounce of morphine, and at a few minutes before four the next morning he breathed his last. Intelligence was immediately conveyed to his wife at Bradford, but she was unable to reach him before his death, and it would have been needless had she been here, as he was unconscious from a few minutes after he took the fatal drug. He went to sleep and never woke up. In his pocket was found a sealed letter addressed to his wife, which was taken to her at Bradford, and portions presented as evidence at the inquest. It was written on the 6th inst., nearly a week before the suicide. He stated in the letter that he would be dead by the time she received it. That he hated to leave her, and would like to see her once more, but probably never should; and that if she had come to Smethport on Saturday as he wished her to it would only have postponed the deed a few days. All the evidence goes to show that poor Charley had carried with him for days, and perhaps weeks, the deliberate intention of committing self murder. How he must have suffered in mind while harboring this terrible thought no one can tell. Yet he maintained through it all a cheerful demeanor, and completely blinded his friends as to his real intentions. Even the boy, Frank, who was with him when he took the fatal dose, was made to believe it was all right. Had the boy known the nature and power of the drug and deceased's intentions at the time, it would probably have made no difference with the result. It would be the meanest kind of cruelty to attach any blame to the boy. Deceased leaves a wife and young babe, and a mother partially dependent upon him for support, and words are inadequate to express the grief of this stricken wife and widowed mother. Although by this rash and mistaken deed he may have released himself from imaginary or real troubles, he has left to those he held most dear a sorrow the weight and blackness of which no human sympathy can reach, and which can only be hidden in the grave.

Simar-Hotchkiss—Married at the residence of Henry Cook, Esq., June 29, 1875, by Rev. J. L. Rushbridge, Frank Simar of Port Allegany and Miss Hattie Hotchkiss of Keating. In the day of their joy was the printer remembered, for which our best wishes for a full fruition of their brightest hopes will follow them through life.

Mrs. Graves, who has been on trial at Coudersport for the murder of her husband has been acquitted. Hayne, her accomplice, has been found guilty of murder in the first degree. They have a queer way of doing things over in Potter.

We are reliably informed that arrangements are well under way toward completion for the erection of another first-class hotel in this place. We understand that it is to be built on the corner of Main and Mechanic street, opposite the residence of W. A. Williams, Esq.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. C. Cornforth now living in Harrisburg will be pained to learn of the death of the death of their youngest child, a babe, a few days since. It was the pet of the household, and the bereaved father and mother have the sympathies of hundreds of friends who will read this paragraph.

We are pained to learn of the death of the estimable wife of J. J. Robarts of Ceres, last Thursday, after an illness of but a few days. She was beloved by all who knew her, and her death comes as a crushing blow to the bereaved husband and family.

Comes Family Reunion.

The old and pioneer Comes family held their fourth annual reunion at the residence and lawns of Mrs. Floretta Gallup, Norwich, Pa., on Thursday, the 25th of August.

The day opened clear and beautiful and by 10 o'clock between eighty-five and one hundred relatives and visitors had gathered at the pleasant old homestead. The time until noon was passed socially in conversation and then the tables were spread. The arrangement was most complete and there were good things in abundance. The committee is to be congratulated on the way they managed the tables, and it certainly was not their fault if anyone left the grounds without enough to eat. An orchestra had been engaged for the day and several fine selections were rendered during the dinner hour.

When the tables were cleared away a space was made in the center of the grounds after the manner of the village green dances of Old Ireland, and those that loved the sport tripped the light fantastic toe to the strains of the pipe and fiddle. At three o'clock a business meeting was called to order by Vice President A. L. Holden, and the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Florilla Ramsey of Auburn, N. Y.; vice president, Mrs. A. M. Bartlett of Colegrove, Pa.; secretary, Ralph E. Burdick of Smethport, Pa., and treasurer, A. C. Holden of Bradford, Pa. An arrangement committee was also appointed with E. D. Comes of Smethport, Pa., as chairman, and much other business attended to, all of which was duly recorded in the records of the reunion. The collection amounted to $44.14, which was just sufficient to cover the expenses of the day.

A letter of good wishes was received from M. D. Comes of Sioux City, Iowa, in which he sent his most sincere love to all of his many relatives, and the next day after the reunion one was received from Mrs. Jennie Gould of Denver, Colo., expressing the pleasure it would give her to be with the dear home people.

On the whole the fourth reunion was voted a success and it was decided to meet again with Mrs. Gallup in 1905.

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Chapin Reunion.

The descendants and relatives of the Chapin family enjoyed their annual reunion at Southview farm last Thursday. Members were in attendance from Cattaraugus, Emporium, Renovo, Angelica, Bradford, Smethport and Farmers Valley. Others who have attended in former years, being unable to come, sent greetings from the West, from Olean, Eldred and various places.

A lovelier spot for a day's outing than Mr. Armstrong's model dairy farm could not be found anywhere. With all modern conveniences, tastefully trimmed for the occasion with wild flowers, vines and cultivated blossoms, with beautifully decorated and heavily laden dining tables, the farm house proved a delightful resting place.

The Chapins are noted as superfine cooks so that the sharp appetites induced by pure, country air were abundantly satisfied. The big barns, the live stock and the scientific work going on in the fields, proved a source of interest. Games were played in the parlors, the guests remaining until an approaching storm warned them to seek their homes.

Altogether it was a pleasant and profitable day and it was decided to renew the picnic each year in as informal a manner as possible.

The thanks of the whole company were heartily tendered to Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Gifford whose hospitality is always so cheerfully and unassumingly given.

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Give Perfect Satisfaction.

The Ireno Jeavons Stock Company opened a week's engagement here on Monday and have been playing to large and appreciative audiences during the week. The company is an excellent one and gives perfect satisfaction. Irene Jeavons, the leading lady, is an actress of rare ability and handles her different parts in a manner that is most natural and pleasing. She has won a warm place in the hearts of Leechburgers. She is surrounded by a strong company of players, who render her most excellent support. Thomas Jeavons, the leading man, is also worthy of special mention.

The specialties are far above the average and include such artists as LaRose, contortionist; Robetta, slack wire and trapeze, and Messrs. Bonds and Hill. These men are exceptionally good in their respective line. The company will always receive a hearty welcome in Leechburg.—Leechburg, Pa., Advance, Friday, August 12, 1904.

At Smethport, under canvas, one week, commencing Sept. 6.

Everything but the Game

can be found at our store. We are headquarters for Hunters sundries, bigger and better stock than ever.

at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

I have a large stock of trunks, suit cases and traveling bags at my usual low prices. Call and see them.

CHAS. LINDEMAN.

The Slave Of Sally

By IZOLA L. FORRESTER

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"And don't call me Sally."

"You said I could last week."

The tone was neither humble nor propitiatory. It was aggressive, almost indignant.

"That was a week ago."

"Well, what have I done?"

Again no contrition, merely wounded dignity. Sally trailed idle fingers along the surface of the water and raised her eyebrows with pitying disdain. There were none so blind as those who would not see.

"Nothing," she said.

"Then what's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing!"

Pemberton shipped his oars wrathfully and deliberately took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and folded a silk handkerchief inside his collar. It was not warm. It was hot. They were two miles and a half from camp. Across the shimmering, rippleless silver of the lake they could see the white tents among the pines and poplars, mere dots in the distance, and a faint line of violet smoke that rose straight in the air from Decker's tent. Pemberton eyed it as a signal of promise. It was after 1 o'clock. Dinner was ready. It was an excellent dinner, too, he knew, having fished most diligently for the star feature of it for an hour after dawn—fresh perch, fried brown, with delicate strips of bacon; boiled potatoes, snowy and fluky, with real home grown butter and eggs and cream from the farm over the hill. Pemberton was hungry. He looked from the signal of promise to Sally's averted face, and his thoughts were not translatable in the language of angels.

It had been her suggestion. For a week he had teased, coaxed, pleaded, implored her to let him row her across the lake to the lily field in the evening after supper, when the twilight was stealing over the hills and all the western sky was aflame with imperial purple and gold, to watch its mirrored beauty in the lake. It was the home of enchantment, of romance and tenderness. Above all, and by no means a small item when the thermometer is doing a daily dance up to 92 degrees, it was the hour of coolness.

Pemberton had longed and dreamed of how they two would glide and float over the shadowy water. There would be little said. They would listen to the good night of birdland mates echoing from shore to shore. Perhaps he would bring his mandolin, and while the boat drifted gently among the lilies he would woo her soul with melody. That would be the prelude. As soon as her eyes were tender and shadowy he would tell her the sweetest story.

It was a dream.

After declining courteously, decidedly and finally disdainfully to go for any old boat ride in the roseate afterglow Sally had suddenly made up her mind to go for lilies in the white hot glare of noontide. He had remonstrated gently. She had scoffed at his arguments. Perhaps he feared the ruddy tan and festive freckle. Sally didn't. Sundry fairy favors of cowslip gold that showed on her fair complexion showed it. Tan and freckles were trademarks of health and vigor.

If Mr. Pemberton did not wish to go for lilies he need not trouble himself. He could lie at full length under a pine and smoke his pipe. Come to think of it, she rather preferred the trip alone. And no one had asked him to go anyway. Finally she had calmly sauntered down to the beach, unmoored a boat, and, helpless as a galley slave, Pemberton had followed and proceeded to row three miles in a blistering sun.

Sally was delicious to look upon—a dark blue duck skirt barred in white, a white duck waist barred in blue, a rakish little white duck cap set on her bonny brown hair and a white silk parasol above her.

Pemberton gazed at her with the maddened resignation of ruminant admiration, feeling himself at the mercy of brave sprites.

Finally he frowned with mild sarcasm, to cover the interesting fact of his being warm.

"Are you warm, Mr. Pemberton?" asked Sally in surprise. "I feel so delightfully cool. You do look rather warm. Aren't we most there?"

"About half a mile more." He took up the oars again.

"You can rest while I pick lilies. I can punt the boat round and get them. You need not bother."

"Rest!" Duke, sizzle, while she took her time. He set his teeth grimly and steered away from a willow snag.

"Too bad we couldn't have brought along two boats."

"Why?" Her eyes were full of innocent inquiry.

"So you could get all the lilies."

"Mr. Pemberton," Sally spoke severely, "you came on your own invitation. There is not the slightest necessity for any display of wit. Ever since we started you have been disagreeable, quite discourteous, and you were unwilling to go in the first place merely because I wished it. I have noticed the whole week that you have really taken a pleasure in dictating to and opposing me."

"Sally—I"—

"Haven't you been dictating as to when I should come here and pick lilies? You wanted me to come at dusk, when there are mosquitoes everywhere, and the frogs make that awful noise."

Pemberton groaned and scowled. His hour of enchantment a time of frogs and mosquitoes. Any girl who would say a thing like that was utterly soulless.

"Didn't you oppose my going today?"

"Sally, you are"—

"And don't call me Sally."

The rest has been said. Pemberton shipped his oars and looked upon life in a cynical spirit of isolation and silent bitterness. Not another word was said until they reached the lilies. Standing up, with one oar he punted the boat in among the pads and clinging, twining stems that clustered under water with the insidious entanglement of a nixie's tresses. So closely lay the dark green leaves that no water was visible, only here and there the lifted chalice of a lily in its perfumed glory of green and white and gold.

Still there was silence, and both picked the blossoms industriously. The bottom of the boat was nearly half full. Sally had tucked a half blown bud in her belt and was humming softly to herself. Her cap was discarded, her sleeves rolled up to her shoulders, and over each small ear was a large, starry lily, stuck haphazard in the folds of brown hair. Pemberton took a side glance at the picture and sighed.

"Tired?" asked Sally graciously.

He cast a handful of dripping lilies recklessly down at her feet.

"No, I'm not. You know what's the matter with me just as well as I do myself, and you glory in it. I never saw a girl yet who didn't."

"Didn't what?" She buried a dainty, freckled nose in the golden heart of a fresh trophy.

"Didn't glory in devilling the life out of a poor fellow when she knew he loved her to death."

"No one has told me that he loved me, to death." Sally's tone was demurely disinterested.

"Sally, darling, you know I do."

"Mr. Pemberton, I do wish you wouldn't. You don't know how uncomfortable you look, and I don't want to listen."

"Well, I do," retorted Pemberton defiantly. "I've been in love with you ever since you came to camp, and you've tortured and teased and ordered me about just because you knew I was overboard and couldn't help myself."

"Oh, look at that beauty over there!" cried Sally. "I want it."

"Sally, darling"—

But Sally was reaching for the lily with the crook end of her parasol, and before Pemberton caught off his guard in a conflict of emotions could reach her she had slipped with a soft splash into the lake, and the green leaves had closed over her head.

He was after her in an instant. They were near the shore and the water was only slightly above his waist, but it was a very wet, wilted, helpless young person whom he lifted in his arms, and the clasp of her arms around his neck was reassuring and most pleasant.

"Oh, Jack," she gasped. "Put me back in the boat, quick."

Pemberton glanced at the boat. It was quite eight feet away. His chin raised a trifle higher, and he smiled. An enemy would have said he grinned, and that there was triumph and delight in the grin, as he suddenly discovered a chance for a strategic move.

"Sally, darling." He tightened his hold on the slender figure in drenched duck. "I won't put you back in the boat until you have heard what I want to say. Now, don't get angry and indignant, because if you do under the circumstances I think I shall either drop you back among the frogs or else"—

Sally ceased struggling and lay passive, lashes closed.

Her very helplessness made him suddenly remorseful.

"Dear, you know all I can say, don't you? And you do care a little, I know you do or you wouldn't treat me so. Sally, you're getting heavier every minute. Please say yes. Sally, darling, if you don't hurry I shall either drop you or kiss you."

There was no answer, but the shadow of a dimple in the cheek nearest him. Sally was smiling. For a brief instant something happened—merely a second's lull in the cosmic whirl, but it changed all the world for two. Pemberton put her gently and tenderly back in the boat among the lilies.

Napoleon to Talleyrand.

"You are a thief, a coward, a man without honor. You do not believe in God. You have all your life been a traitor to your duties. You have deceived and betrayed everybody. Nothing is sacred to you. You would sell your own father. I have loaded you down with gifts, and there is nothing that you would not undertake against me. I am for the past ten months you have been shameless enough, because you supposed, rightly or wrongly, that my affairs in Spain were going astray, to say to all who would listen to you that you always blamed my undertaking there, whereas it was you who first put it into my head, and who persistently urged it.

"And that man, that unfortunate (he was thus designating the Duke d'Enghien), by whom I was advised of the place of his residence? Who drove me to deal cruelly with him? What, then, are you aiming at? What do you wish for? What do you hope? Do you dare to say? You deserve that I should smash you like a wineglass. I can do it, but I despise you too much to take the trouble."

The foregoing is, in an abridged form, the substance of what M. de Talleyrand was compelled to listen to during this mortal half hour, which must have been a frightful one for him if one is to judge of it by the suffering felt at it by those present, none of whom ever subsequently referred to it without shuddering at its recollection.—Paisnier Memoirs.

Forgetful.

Hicks—I do try to be polite, but I seem to be forever forgetting my manners. Wicks—What's the matter now? Hicks—I just gave a woman my seat in the street car and forgot to thank her for taking it.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Regulated by His Uncle.

Franklin—Does your watch keep regular time? Shanklin—I should say so; it goes in the fifth of every month and comes out the fifteenth.—Chicago Journal.

The man who is miserable and makes a bluff at happiness is a benefactor for keeping his sorrows to himself.—Baltimore American.

STICHOMETRY.

A Book Custom That Never Attained Any Very Extensive Usage.

Stichometry, from the Greek stichos, a row, line or verse, and metron, a measure, is used in two senses. The first applies to the subject matter of Hebrew literature, whereby the rhythmic lines which constitute the parallelism of the poetical books are portioned off from one another; the second to an entirely artificial method of measuring off the contents of each book by so many lines of fixed or average length.

The former is of great antiquity and may have been introduced by the sacred writers themselves. The latter is due to Euthalius of Alexandria, 458, who applied it to the Pauline epistles and later to the gospels.

St. Jerome professed to have founded his method upon a similar treatment of the text in existing manuscripts of Demosthenes and Cicero. His original arrangement is thought to be represented by the Codex Amiatinus at Florence and that of Euthalius in the Codex Claromontanus at Paris.

As this system left a large proportion of each page blank and as vellum was costly stichometry never attained any very extensive usage.

GROUND PEARLS.

The Product of the Young of Certain Scale Insects.

The large order of hemiptera includes what are known as scale insects (coccidæ), some of which are very destructive to fruit trees, while others are the source of cochineal, and, perhaps, were the manna upon which the children of Israel fed in the wilderness.

The life history of these insects includes a motionless pupa stage, similar to the chrysalis of a moth or butterfly. Before passing into this dormant and helpless condition the young of certain scale bugs make their way into the earth, and then a sticky fluid exudes from their bodies and quickly hardens into a protective coating, resembling plain or colored glass, and causes them to look something like beads, so that in some parts of the world they are known as "ground pearls."

The best known of these are dug out of the earth in the West Indies and strung into necklaces or other ornaments. Similar objects are prized and worn by the natives of other regions.

KEROSENE OIL.

It Is Paraffin in Great Britain and Refined Petroleum Elsewhere.

Petroleum (petra, rock; oleum, oil) is a liquid bitumen exuding from rocks.

Paraffin (parum, little; affins, akin), discovered by Reichenbach in 1830, in investigating the tar produced in the distillation of wood, is a colorless waxlike solid, which he named from its extraordinary chemical indifference, its "little affinity" with anything. He afterward isolated from the same material a liquid oil, which he called eupion, "very fat." For years both were regarded merely as chemical curiosities until it was realized that eupion forms the body of petroleum.

Pure paraffin resembles spermaceti and is inodorous and tasteless. Paraffin oil is chiefly a mixture of fluid hydrocarbons, and as it approaches gas more closely than any other illuminating agent and is cheap it has come into general use. Illuminating oils manufactured from petroleum are sold in Great Britain as "paraffin oil," in the United States as "kerosene" and on the continent as "refined petroleum."—London Globe.

Copperhead and Rattler.

The copperhead isn't a bad looking snake, as snakes go, but it has a terribly bad reputation. In fact, it is generally regarded as a mean sort of snake and is apparently without a friend or even an apologist. Although it won't chase you nor go out of its way to get a crack at you, it probably does more business per snake than does the rattler, the moccasin or any other of the venomous kind. It is said that where there is one there are always two copperheads, so when you shall green eyeballs [illegible] out, to fear so near to the [illegible] reptile. The rattler is a little more polite, also more vicious, for [illegible] your timely warning it will [illegible] ground and fight like a [illegible] while the copperhead will [illegible].

Current Names for Oaks.

Many English queens have chosen oak trees in Windsor forest whereon their respective names, with the dates of their choice, have been commemorated by means of brass plates. In different parts of the forest, with seats round them, are oaks bearing the names of Queen Elizabeth, Queen Caroline, Queen Charlotte and Queen Victoria. "Herne's Oak," mentioned in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" as being in Windsor park, was destroyed by a gale on Aug. 31, 1863.

Proved.

"But do you think you can support a wife?"

"Of course. Why, we've been engaged two years."

"Well"—

"Well, if I can buy flowers and candy for a fiancee for two years and not go broke I can surely support a wife!"—Illustrated Bits.

Closed Ears.

Mabel—Mamma says our consciences should tell us when we are naughty. Kitty—Yeth, but I don't lithen to gossip.—Harper's Bazar.

Advice.

Emeline—Sarah and I can hardly understand each other over the telephone. Edgar—Well, talk one at a time!—Tit-Bits.

STREETS OF MEXICO CITY.

A Tradition Attaches to the Names of Most of Them.

There is a tradition attached to the name of every street in Mexico, and such names were given because something occurred there or some noted object existed there. For instance, Don Juan Manuel street received its name from the sanguinary Don Juan Manuel, who lived on that street and killed scores of people there. He was extremely jealous and every night stood at the corner or at the door of his house armed with a good Toledo sword. If a man passed by and dared to look at the balconies of Don Juan Manuel's house he might be sure that he was to leave his skin before reaching the corner. Salto del Agua (leap of the water) street received its name from the fountain still visible on Salto del Agua square, which was the terminus of the great Chapultepec aqueduct, and water was constantly falling into a basin.

There are some very funny names and others rather poetical. Here are some peculiar ones:

Calle de las Ratas (street of the rats), del Raton (of the mouse), de las Moscas (of the flies), del Zapo (of the toad), de los Ciegos (of the blind men), del Muerto (of the dead man), de la Olla (of the pot), de la Cazuela (of the frying pan), de Chiquihuites (of the basket makers), de la Pelota (of the ball), de las Mil Maravillas (of the thousand marvels), de los Espantados (of the panic stricken men), del Toro (of the bull), de la Cruz Verde (of the green cross), de los Gallos (of the cocks), Verde (green), del Puente Quebrado (of the broken bridge), del Puente (of the white bridge), del Puente Colorado (of the red bridge), del Puente de Carretones (bridge for carts), de la Polilla (of the moth), del Aguila (of the eagle), de las Golosas (of the gluttonous women), de Tumbaburros (of the falling donkeys), del Garrote (of the club), de la Alegria (of the gladness), de la Amargura (of the bitterness), de las Delicias (of the delights), del Nopalito (of the little cactus), del Arbol (of the tree), del Pensamiento (of the thought), de Granadillos (of the little grenades), del Puente del Cuervo (of the bridge of the crow), de Juan Carbonero (of John the charcoal maker), de Salsipuedes (of get out if you can), del Espiritu Santo (of the Holy Ghost).

Many other streets were named after the churches in the vicinity, so there are Santo Domingo, la Profesa, la Encarnacion, San Miguel, San Juan and eighty more. A curious thing happened. Very often a church gave names to three or more streets, for instance, Santo Domingo, Puente de Santo Domingo (bridge of Santo Domingo), Cerca de Santo Domingo (fence of Santo Domingo), Sepulcros de Santo Domingo (sepulchers of Santo Domingo), Puerta Falsa de Santo Domingo (back door of Santo Domingo) and Portal de Santo Domingo (arcades of Santo Domingo); also Plaza de Santo Domingo (Santo Domingo square). The same may be said of a great many other churches.—Mexican Herald.

National enthusiasm is the great nursery of genius.—Tuckerman.

A TRINITY OF EVILS.

Mr. Martin Montgomery, of Silvara, Pa., formerly of Roxbury, N. Y., writing to Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., said: "Your late medicine, Cal-cura Solvent, is wonderful. It cured me of liver and kidney troubles, and rheumatism, after a lot of weary dosing with things that did no good. It is a record breaker and no mistake."

It is because Cal-cura Solvent acts on the kidneys and liver and at the same time expels uric acid from the blood, that it is such a reliable remedy for rheumatism and the attendant disorders. It cures by removing the cause, therefore the cure is permanent, safe and sure. All druggists, $1.00.

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CAPITAL $200,000.00
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Housekeepers, Attention!

We have a generous offer to make to the ladies who wish to complete their housecleaning in a thoroughly effective and sanitary manner.

We have a spleddid Formaldehyde Generator which we will lend to purchasers of one jar or more of Leninger's Solidified Formaldehyde.

It clears the air of all germs and makes your home atmosphere pure and sweet.

1 jar Formaldehyde, 75c.

Small household generator with 1 jar Formaldehyde given free, $1.00, or we will lend large generator.

Extremely simple, no trouble to use, perfectly harmless and efficient.

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Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

Rooney's Is the Place

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Fresh
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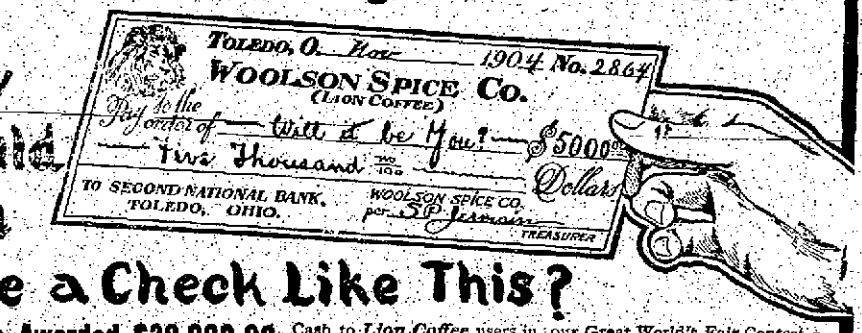
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WOOLSON SPICE CO.
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Pay to the order of Will it be You? $5000
Five Thousand 00/100 Dollars
TO SECOND NATIONAL BANK, TOLEDO, OHIO.
WOOLSON SPICE CO.
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TREASURER

We Have Awarded $20,000.00 Cash to *Lion Coffee* users in our Great World's Fair Contest—2139 people get checks; 2139 more will get them in the

Presidential Vote Contest

Five Lion-Heads cut from Lion Coffee Packages and a 2-cent stamp entitle you (in addition to the regular free premiums) to one vote. The 2-cent stamp covers our acknowledgment to you that your estimate is recorded. You can send as many estimates as desired.

What will be the total popular vote cast for President (votes for all candidates combined) at the election November 8, 1904?

In 1900 election, 13,959,653 people voted for President. For nearest correct estimates received in Woolson Spice Company's office, Toledo, O., on or before November 5, 1904, we will give first prize for the nearest correct estimate, second prize to the next nearest, etc., etc., as follows:

Grand First Prize of $5,000.00

will be awarded to the one who is nearest correct on both our World's Fair and Presidential Vote Contests.

We also offer $5,000.00 Special Cash Prizes to Grocer Clerks. (Particulars in each case of Lion Coffee.)

1	First Prize		$2,500.00
1	Second Prize		1,000.00
2	Prizes—$500.00	each	1,000.00
5	Prizes— 200.00	"	1,000.00
10	Prizes— 100.00	"	1,000.00
20	Prizes— 50.00	"	1,000.00
50	Prizes— 20.00	"	1,000.00
250	Prizes— 10.00	"	2,500.00
1800	Prizes— 5.00	"	9,000.00
2139	PRIZES,	TOTAL,	$20,000.00

How Would Your Name Look on One of These Checks?

Everybody uses coffee. If you will use *LION COFFEE* long enough to get acquainted with it, you will be suited and convinced there is no other such value for the money. Then you will take no other—and that's why we advertise. And we are using our advertising money so that both of us—you as well as we—will get a benefit. Hence for your *Lion Heads*

WE GIVE BOTH FREE PREMIUMS AND CASH PRIZES

Complete Detailed Particulars in Every Package of

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harmless headache cure. It has been produced by an eminent chemist of the National Capital. It is known as BROMO-PEPSIN. Besides curing every form of headache almost instantly, BROMO-PEPSIN is equally and as promptly efficacious in chronic and acute indigestion and the nervous disorders incident thereto. It is effervescent and pleasant to take and may be had of all up-to-date druggists at ten cents a bottle. It comes as a boon to mankind and womankind.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

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If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

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at this reliable establishment. Prices are right;

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

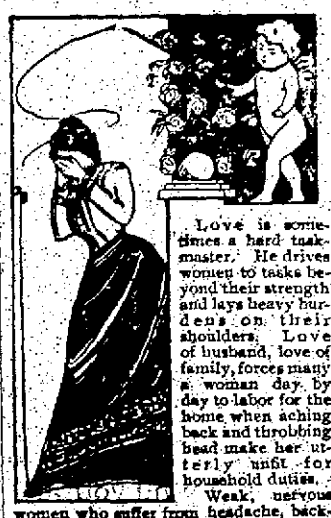
M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.



Love is sometimes a hard taskmaster. He drives women to tasks beyond their strength and lays heavy burdens on their shoulders. Love of husband, love of family, forces many a woman day by day to labor for the home when aching back and throbbing head make her utterly unfit for household duties. Weak, nervous women who suffer from headache, backache, bearing-down pains and other consequences of womanly disease, can be completely cured by the use of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

"About two years ago I was taken sick and it seemed as if I had no nerves at all," writes Mrs. F. Woodbeck, of Delray, Mich. "Could not work an hour in the day without being tired out. I doctored first with one physician, then with another, but did not receive any benefit. One would say one thing and the next something else. I had almost given up when I thought your medicine might help me, so I wrote to you asking what to do. You advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' I did so and could see a difference right away. I only took four bottles in all and felt better than I had in a long time. Can work all day now and not feel tired as I would in an hour before taking your treatment. I think it is the only medicine."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure dizziness and sick headache.

THE BIG STORE

Will offer for the next 30 days special bargains in Refrigerators, Ice Cream Freezers, Screen Doors, Window Screens, Haying Tools, Mason and Royal Fruit Jars, Jelly Glasses, Hot Plates and Ovens, a full line of Hardware, Guns, Revolvers, Ammunition, Cutlery, etc., at prices below competition.

JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 1, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Read the Irene Jeavons company's big ad.

—See Holmes & Gilfillan's ad. Always something doing at that store.

—The Bucktails hold their annual reunion at Lock Haven to-morrow and Saturday.

—Redfield's Hardware ad in to-day's issue contains something that is sure to interest you.

—A good sized crowd of Smethport people patronized the Shawmut's excursion to Riverhurst Sunday.

—Wm. Montheimer, the clothier, has an interesting new ad to-day. You cannot afford to miss reading it.

—Coudersport was selected as the next meeting place of the next meeting place of the Five Counties' Firemen's convention.

—Roy Bliss, a popular young man employed as headsawyer at a Cross Fork saw mill, met with an accident while at work one day last week, which resulted in the loss of a foot.

—The Cross Fork Chinaman, who accompanied the Cross Fork fire department to the Towanda convention as a mascot was robbed of $30 and his return ticket.—Enterprise. Rather unlucky for a mascot.

—A Bolivar brief says: Myron Walsh of Eldred has purchased an oil lease comprising 260 acres located five miles east of Spencerville, O., for $18,000. The daily production of the lease is 30 barrels. There are many locations to drill.

—There will be a preliminary meeting of the C. L. S. C., at the Methodist chapel, Monday, Sept. 5, at 7:30 p. m. All old members and all persons wishing to join the circle are earnestly requested to be present, as the meeting is for the purpose of arranging for the order of books, etc.

—This week is expected to finish operations at McKean Brothers' saw mill permanently. The mill has been an important aid to Smethport in an industrial way and its shut-down is regretable. The property has been inspected by various parties recently and at one time appeared to interest the Goodyears, but at present nothing can be definitely stated regarding the final disposition of the mill.

—The base ball game at the Driving Park Sunday afternoon between the Derrick City and City teams, resulted in a victory for the former by a score of 4 to 3. The contest was witnessed by about 500 spectators. Derrick City has taken the place in the McKean League recently vacated by the Port Allegany nine, and on Thursday will play its initial game in the organization with Eldred, at Derrick City.—Bradford Era.

—The Irene Jeavons big stock company will be in town for one solid week commencing Tuesday, Sept. 6. They will appear in their mammoth canvas amphitheatre, which will be erected on D. C. Young's big lot on West Main street, opposite the court house. The Jeavons and their company are up-to-date, and we can expect a breezy time with abundant hilarity. The plays fit the company exactly, for they are a selected lot of talented artists, who have graduated and received their diplomas from the high school of art—acting, terpsichorean and vocalization. If any new cults have been formulated since they graduated it would be generous to inform them as to what they are.

Wisdom of the Cat.

We may like cats or we may not like cats, but we must all confess that the cat is our superior. He uses us, in his eyes we exist for his delectation, we provide warmth and milk, we are a hearth rug to be jumped on and sat on, a curry comb to titillate him. In this aspect the cat is vastly superior to the dog, which is faithful to those who maltreat him, while a cat's fidelity takes the form of gracious adherence to those who serve him. He has proof of his philosophy. We know an old lady, lodging in the suburbs, who spreads bread on the lawn every morning as the sparrows are then in old lady's car, ready behind the bush, took his toll. How could he doubt that his mistress, his servant, was at the personal task of doing him service?—Saturday Review.

Inherited.

They were jollying the man about his enormous appetite, but he kept "mighty shy," as Bret Harte has it. Finally he said in defense: "Well, you see, I take after both my father and my mother. One ate a long while and the other ate a great deal."

Where It Could Be Seen.

Sign Painter—I don't see any suitable vacant space on your walls. Where do you want the motto, "Terms Strictly Cash," painted? Barber Shop Proprietor—On the ceiling, of course.—Chicago Tribune.

Sixteenth Century Manners.

In an old book published in the sixteenth century and entitled "The Accomplished Lady's Rich Closet; or, Ingenious Gentlewoman's Delightful Companion," it is written:

"A gentlewoman being at table must observe to keep her body straight and lean not by any means with her elbows nor lay ravenous gesture discover a voracious appetite. Talk not when you have meat in your mouth and do not smack like a pig nor venture to eat spoon meat so hot that the tears stand in your eyes, which is as unseemly as the gentlewoman who pretended to have as little a stomach as she had a mouth and therefore would not swallow her peas by spoonfuls, but took them one by one and cut them in two before she would eat them. It is very unseemly to drink so large a draft that your breath is almost gone and you are forced to blow strongly to recover yourself. In carving at your own table distribute the best pieces first, and it will appear very comely and decent to use a fork, so touch no piece of meat without it."

Science and Human Sense Organs.

Dr. Carl Snyder says in the American Inventor, while pointing out the inferiority of human sense organs to the instruments of science, that, whereas the human eye can see only little more than 3,000 stars in the heavens on the clearest of nights, the photographic plate and the telescope can discern countless millions. The eye if a good one can perceive a measure of one two-hundredth of an inch. The microscope makes an object one ten-thousandth of an inch look comparatively large. To hear the footsteps of a fly seems inconceivable, but, assisted by the microphone, the tread of that insect sounds like the tramp of cavalry. The most sensitive skin cannot detect a change in temperature of less than one-fifth of a degree, but the bolometer will register on a scale an increase or decrease of temperature of one one-millionth of a degree and can discern the difference in temperature in a room when a match is lighted.

Imitation in Animals.

Some animals have wonderful powers of imitation. Dogs brought up in the company of cats have been known to acquire the trick of licking the paws and then washing the face. When a cat has been taught to sit up for her food her kittens have been known to imitate her action. Darwin tells of a cat that was in the habit of putting her paw into the mouth of a narrow milk pitcher every time she got the chance and then licking the cream off her paw. Her kitten soon learned the same tricks. A lady fed a rabbit that she keeps in a cage with a monkey and says that Bunnie has caught many of the monkey's ways. It is said that carrying pigeons that have been brought up on grain will not eat peas to save their lives, but that if pea eating pigeons are put with them they follow their example and eat peas.

Von Lenbach the Painter.

Franz von Lenbach, the great portrait painter, painted three portraits of the poet Adolph Wilbrandt. The sittings varied from three to five hours. On one occasion the sitting lasted through the whole day, with intervals for meals. The afternoon passed, and dusk came on, but still Lenbach worked away without appearing to notice the failing light. At last it grew so dark that Wilbrandt could scarcely see him. He called his attention to this, saying that it seemed impossible for him to paint any more, but Lenbach begged him, unless he was tired, to continue sitting. "But what can you see of me?" asked the puzzled poet. "Quite the best of all. Excellent. Sit still, please." And the sitting only ended with the last glimmer of light.

A Pert Maid.

The B.'s had given an impertinent maid notice and in consequence were obliged to assume the duties that she pointedly neglected. On the last day of Katie's stay as one of the ladies of the family was hastening to answer a ring at the front door she was arrested by an explosive whisper from the rear of the hall, where the irrepressible commaid, Katie in most unpicturesque dishabille, was established. "Mrs. B., if that's any one for me, say I'm out."

Breaking It to Him Gently.

Mrs. Ferguson—George, dear, you know you handed me $7.50 this morning for pocket money? Mr. Ferguson—Yes. Mrs. Ferguson—Well, I went downtown this afternoon to buy a few things with it. I got caught in a crush in a street car door, and—er—it turned out to be pickpocket money.—Chicago Tribune.

A Happy Life.

The secret of a happy life does not lie in the means and opportunities of indulging our weaknesses, but in knowing how to be content with what is reasonable, that time and strength may remain for the cultivation of our nobler nature.

Material For His Story.

Magistrate—You are accused of stealing six reams of paper, three gallons of ink and five gross of pens. What have you to say to the charge? Prisoner—Your worship, I am a novelist, and I was merely collecting material for a new story.

A Loophole.

Lovell—Do you think a man should tell his fiancee all the indiscretions of his past life? Cynicus—Yes. Then perhaps she wouldn't marry him.—Brooklyn Life.

Who Got It?

Trolley Car Conductor—Did I get your fare? Passenger—I guess so; I didn't see you ring it up for the company.—Utica Herald.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE.

One of the oldest and best Colleges in the country. Good traditions. Strong faculty. Healthful and attractive situation, beautifully wooded campus. Commodious buildings. Adequate equipment. Five courses of study. Over fifty Elective courses offered. Only Phi Beta Kappa College in Western Pennsylvania. Moral and religious tone healthful and wholesome. Expenses unusually moderate. Help for needy students with good brains. Fall term opens September 20. With President William H. Crawford, Meadville, Pa.

Old London Bridge.

Old London bridge was a monstrosity. It dated back to the year 1176 A. D., and at least three wooden bridges are known to have occupied the same site prior to that date.

The old bridge was slightly over 900 feet in length and had eighteen solid stone piers, varying in thickness from twenty-five to thirty-four feet, thus confining the flow of the river to less than half its natural channel. The entire surface of the bridge was occupied by blocks of brick and stone buildings erected on arches with the roadway running tunnel-like beneath—some of them four stories high. All of these bridge buildings were densely packed with human beings—at one time estimated at 1,700—carrying on all the trades and other vocations of life. Spanning the two center piers was a huge church building, dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury, but usually styled St. Peter's of the Bridge.

In very early time the arch opening from the bridge toward the city was called "Traitors' gate," and it was no unusual thing to see the heads of a dozen executed criminals hanging over it.

Christmas Feasting In Old Times.

There are certain dishes which are peculiarly dedicated by custom and tradition to the Christmas feast. The plum pudding is almost the sole survivor of a long list of equally savory ones. There was the boar's head, always the herald of the feast and always seasoned with mustard. Next in importance was the peacock. The skin was carefully stripped off, with the plumage adhering. The bird was then roasted. When it was done and had cooled it was served up again in its feathers and with gilded beak was sent to the table. Sometimes the whole body was covered with gold leaf and a piece of cotton saturated with spirits placed in its beak and lighted as it made its gorgeous entry. The noble lord was not served by common hands. That privilege was reserved for the ladies most distinguished by birth and beauty. Geese, capons, pheasants and pies of cargo tongues also helped to set out the Christmas table in days gone by.

Trial by Jury.

Trial by twelve compurgators, which was of ecclesiastical origin, existed in Anglo-Saxon times and only resembled trial by jury in the number of persons sworn. Under the name or way of law it continued to be the law of England until abolished Aug. 14, 1833. Traces of trial by jury are found in the reigns of William I. and II., Henry I. and Stephen, but it was not fully established until the reign of Henry II. Trial by jury was first adopted in criminal cases in the reign of John, 1199-1216, and was the established mode of dealing with them at the end of the thirteenth century. Witnesses were examined and evidence first laid before juries in the reign of Henry VI., 1422-61, but this change was not fully carried out till the time of Edward VI., 1547-53. The laws respecting juries in England were remodeled June 22, 1825.—London Globe.

Human Inequality.

There is a notion and a most pernicious one, that it is the highest realization of republican form of government that all the people should by some forcing process be made as much alike as possible. All human beings are born equal only in the single fact that they all come into the world by the same natural process. The same equality exists in the matter of death, since what we call life is extinguished for all under the selfsame conditions. But that is all the equality that is possible, for human beings are all unlike and unequal in bodily and mental characteristics, and to such an extent does this lack of equality go that it is seen in the peculiarities of every individual.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Whistler Adorer.

In his book on Whistler, Mortimer Menpes writes: "Once an interesting figure appeared on our horizon, a French painter. He was Whistler's find and was held up to us followers as an example. 'At last,' Whistler said, 'I have found a follower worthy of the master.' I noticed with secret joy that he did not call him pupil. This man went bareheaded always when in the presence of Whistler. Whether out of doors or in, no one could persuade him to wear a hat."

Infallible.

He—The trouble with you, dear, is that you never will admit it when you are in the wrong. She—That's no such thing. I'd admit it in a moment if I were wrong, but the fact of the matter is I never am wrong, and you know it, Harry Merritton.

His Pen Work.

"You say you earn more money by your pen than you did a year ago?"

"I do."

"How's that?"

"I stopped writing stories and began addressing envelopes."

The Sharper Vision.

"I believe there's something between our daughter and young Huggerly."

"I seen them in the parlor last night," volunteered young brother, "an' there wasn't nothing between them."—Houston Post.

An Exception.

She—True happiness is found in pursuing something, not in catching it. He—If you had ever pursued the last car at night, you wouldn't say that.—Chicago Journal.

Cast your bread upon the waters, and you will realize how many people are out for the dough.—Philadelphia Record.

NELSON & BEARIKLE

The New Livery and Sales Stable.

Connected with St. Elmo Hotel, Fraley St., Kane, Pa.

First-class accommodations for the care of horses and vehicles.

Satisfactory service guaranteed.

CHOICE GROCERIES— USEFUL PREMIUMS.

A Corning Concern Has Arranged to Supply Every Household With Both—Novel and Economic Plan Explained.

Every household in the land uses more or less groceries every week. The housewife's constant aim is to get the best edibles for the least money. This effort is closely connected with the practical side of life. It is a ruinous practice in domestic matters, to pay 75 cents for an article that might be bought for 50 cents. The difference between buying right and careless purchasing, may be turned into a competency for a "rainy day," or old age. A little saved on each item of groceries bought will amount to a considerable sum each year. Now, when is this saving to be accomplished?

The C. R. Maltby Co. of Corning, N. Y., is one of the oldest and most successful business houses in the country. It has been dealing in groceries for more than forty years. Possessing larger capital, goods are bought in enormous quantities from producers, at the lowest possible price. Selling direct to retail grocers no extra charges are incurred for brokers, jobbers, or middlemen. Only by doing business in this way can any concern actually sell choicest goods for a price attractively less than any and all competitors. The Maltby Co. has arranged to sell its entire list of "Signature Brands" of choice family groceries, in sealed packages of various sizes. Included in this list are: Teas, coffees, spices, fancy fruits, cocoa and chocolate, rice, sliced beef, tapioca, rolled oats, mincemeat, popcorn, saleratus, condensed milk, crackers, flour, flavoring extracts, soap, matches—in fact, all kinds of groceries.

All articles are prepared and packed by the company or under its supervision. This means always highest quality and uniform, full quantity, also perfect and pure groceries. You can buy these goods in the smallest grocery and be equally assured of cleanliness and quality. The price is fixed at less than goods of the same quality and weight are sold for by any other firm. In addition the Maltby Co. facsimile signature is on every package. These are valuable. Here's where this concern shares additional profits with its patrons. These signatures are redeemed by a list of their hundreds of useful and valuable articles for wear and household purposes. Among these are: Corning cut-glass, all kinds of silverware, cutlery, watches and chains, toilet articles, razors, carving-sets, furniture, desks, rocking-chairs, electric novelties, pipes, purses, suspenders, umbrellas, sadirons; all kinds of crockery and chinaware, dinner and tea sets, sausage-mills, talking-machines, food-choppers, etc. The value of each signature is based on the price paid for the package on which it is written. Its worth is counted and applied on any article desired, in the entire list. For the purpose of giving each signature a specific value, what is called the point system has been adopted. Each signature is worth a certain number of points. The entire premium list is valued at "points" instead of dollars. So it is that so many signatures, representing so many points will purchase a premium valued at an equal number of points.

These "Signature Brands" of choice groceries are for sale at all grocers. A free illustrated catalogue of premiums can be had for the asking. Remember the C. R. Maltby Co. is a wealthy concern of the highest business standing. It can and will keep its word to the letter. As long as you have to buy groceries why not serve yourself and purse the best? Buy "Signature Brands" and you will use no other.

For sale by Gallup Grocery Company, Smethport, and G. W. King, East Smethport.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE, Smethport, Pa.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

BARGAINS.

Black Cat Stockings for Boys and Girls are good values at 15 and 25c per pair.

Malta Vita at 10c a package is a bargain.

F. S. Flour contains 49 lbs. of satisfaction, together with the finest produced. Try it.

Chase & Sanborn's coffee from 13c lb. to 35c are standard values.

Can corn is high and scarce We have some best brands of York State pack at 12½ can.

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

SPRING SHOES.

Spring is surely coming—don't be discouraged.

You will find new

FOOTWEAR

and we have the most complete line ever brought to Smethport for Women, Men and Children.

All Styles. All Sizes.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

E. W. JONES,

(Successor to F. H. Nourse.)

LIVERY & FEED STABLE

Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House.

SMETHPORT, PA.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Pure Drugs and Medicines

Can always be found at our store.

Also a full line of

NOVELTIES, TOBACCOS, CIGARS, ETC.

PRESCRIPTIONS

Left in our care will be promptly and carefully filled.

Wells Pharmacy.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. Specht & Sasse.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable annually. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 1, 1904.

THREE masked bandits held up the Pacific Express agent, Harding, and Armod Guard Merritt at Kemmerer, Wyoming, yesterday morning and secured $15,000 which was enroute to Cumberland to be paid to miners. The bandits escaped.

EVERYTHING indicates that there is a big battle in progress at Liao Yang at present. The dispatches estimate the Japanese force at about 240,000 men and the Russian from 170,000 to 200,000 men with from 600 to 1,000 guns engaged on each side. Telegraph communications from there suddenly ceased yesterday and the general supposition is that a big fight is on.

JUDGE PARKER says that men of education are required in politics. Well we have them. For many, many years we have had practical studies in campaigns of education and the voters of the United States are now quite well informed. That is evidenced by the fact that Republican victories have long since become regularly established results in the national elections.—Bradford Era.

BARNEY OLDFIELD, the champion automobile racer of America, says he has had enough of the game and will race no more. In a race at St. Louis the first of the week he lost control of his mammoth machine, which crashed through the fence around the course and instantly killed John Scott, a watchman at the park, and inflicted injuries upon Nathan Montgomery, a negro, from which he died a few hours later. Oldfield was painfully injured. The accident was caused by the dust raised by another automobile blinding Oldfield so that he could not see where to go.

FOR the past few weeks the Sabbath Observance association have been prosecuting Allegheny county druggists for selling goods on Sunday and now it is reported that the Western Pennsylvania Retail Druggists association will make a strong effort at the next session of the legislature to have some of these old Blue laws repealed. There certainly are a great many laws on the statutes of Pennsylvania which should be repealed, and the sooner our legislators start this work the better it will be for the general public. Sunday is a day set apart for rest and religious observances and all unnecessary work should be avoided but when it comes to enforcing all these ridiculous old Blue laws it is carrying things too far. Nearly every man, woman and child violate one or more of these Blue laws every Sunday and will continue to do so because they are no longer considered just and are very unpopular. The attempted enforcement of these laws is responsible for a riot and murder in Pittsburg and the feeling there now is intense.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 27, 1904.

This is the season of outing, trial trip and commissions for Government employees, on scientific errands, combined with pleasure. There are many things which need investigating during the summer in order that reports may be forthcoming for the next session of Congress. Work must be inspected; reforms must be instituted; information must be collected; and affairs need regulating. One of the Civil Service Commissioners, Mr. Cooley, is touring the West, making a study of the civil service as applied to Indian schools and reservations. By direction of the President Mr. Carroll D Wright of the Bureau of Labor is in Colorado, making a study of the civil war in that state. Mr. Gifford Pinchot, the wealthy young man who runs the Bureau of Forestry in the Department of Agriculture for the love he has for forest trees, is in Oregon, where he has been urging the transfer of supervision of forest reserves from the Land Office to his own. He says President Roosevelt's idea is that public lands should be devoted to the best possible use and the object of his trip through the far West is to ascertain what is the best purpose to which the lands may be devoted. This, he admits, depends upon the point of view, whether one is a lumberman, a live stock man, a miner or a farmer. Another man will soon be sent west, perhaps into the Black Hills, to discover, if he can, how to fix wireless telegraph instruments to forest trees in such a manner that if the tree catches fire the wireless telegraph will make the fact known. The ornithologist, and entomologist and the botanist, are also searching out the waste places of the land in the interests of science, and for the benefit of mankind.

With the coming of Autumn, and the fall of the mercury in the thermometer, there will be the usual activity in scientific circles. Announcement is made here in Washington of an early gathering of weather sharps, possibly one hundred in number, who will discuss the secrets of nature. There is much interest just now, in these circles, in the remarkable phenomena of the past few weeks—cyclones in St. Louis, Minneapolis and in Chautauqua county, New York, none of which could be predicted and all of which caused loss of life as well as an immense amount of property. The recent discovery at Cambridge, Mass., of spots on the moon, supposed to be caused by vapor or smoke, as the result of volcanic action, causes considerable speculation. What connection they have with cyclones and thunder showers on this earth is one of these things not yet ascertained. While in convention the weather forecasters will try to determine what problems ought to be studied at the new cobble-stone station now building, not far from Washington, on an eminence called Mt. Weather, in Virginia. It is also announced that they will try to have meteorology added to the list of studies in the colleges and high schools of the country.

Col. Biddle, one of the commissioners of the District of Columbia, has just returned from an outing in the canal zone of Panama. He was delighted and surprised to find that the mercury in the zone never got above 80 degrees, while it is frequently as high as 98 in Washington. He hunted in vain for mosquitoes, and he found that when it rained all he needed was an ordinary $2 umbrella. He says Colon is a pleasant place to live in, that the health of the people is very good—no yellow fever, no small-pox, no typhoid fever, no diphtheria; hardly anything of that nature worth mentioning. Work on the canal is getting on "very nicely." Experts think that not more than 10,000 men can be profitably employed at any one time on the work; that they should contract to remain two years; that under favorable circumstances it will take eight years to build the canal, unless an epidemic should occur, or, unforeseen difficulties "crop up," or there should be a change in public sentiment in the United States. If none of these things happen and the South is willing to spare enough colored men to do the work Col. Biddle is very sanguine that the canal will be speedily built.

Here in Washington it looks as if Judge Parker's pronouncement on the Philippine question would not give satisfaction to his friends. Dr. W. A. Croffut, president of the Anti-Imperialist League, declares the judge's position on the subject to be so nearly similar to that of the Republican platform as to be of little consequence. The assertion that the Filipinos ought to have their independence as soon as they are "properly qualified for it," is regarded by anti-imperialists as quite inadequate to the situation. They claim that all people can govern themselves better than other people can govern them, and they contrast Judge Parker's views with those of Lincoln and prefer Mr. Lincoln's.

A gentleman of this city was asked in Edinburgh, Scotland, if Washington is an "inland town." The reply was that it is some two hundred miles from the sea, but manages to have a very respectable navy yard. Just now there is a squadron of battleships in the harbor of this city, under the command of Rear Admiral Sand. It has on board six hundred midshipmen who are doing the navy yard, fondling the big guns, seeing the town and having the time of their life. The squadron makes a formidable appearance and includes the battleships Massachusetts and Texas, the monitors Florida, Arkansas and Nevada, the torpedo boat destroyers Lawrence, Macdonough, Truxton, Whipple, Worden, Hopkins and Hull, and Admiral Farragut's old flagship, the Hartford. This is the largest fleet of warships that ever visited Washington.

An agitation is going on in this city in favor of extensive playgrounds for children, to be provided with gridirons, gymnasiums and bowling alleys, as well as sanitary accommodations. Washington is already a city of parks while nearly every private residence has a good sized yard both in front and rear. No city in the Union needs playgrounds for children less than Washington. There is too much playing already, and it will be a good thing when children are taught to do something useful. That Boston has playgrounds, where the conditions are very different and the population is crowded, is no reason why a city of wide streets, innumerable parks and nearly one hundred thousand shade trees should go to the expense of buying a seven acre field for playgrounds.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Aug. 27, 1904:

Claude Bush, George Brougbn, Miss Eva Hovey, Miss Alice Olson 2, J. L. Steaphens, Amanda Taylor.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Notice to Contractors.

Notice is hereby given that bids will be received by the County Commissioners at their office in the court house, Smethport, Pa., for the construction of abutments for a bridge across the Allegany river, near Fort Allegany, known as the Red House bridge, up to September 5th, 1904, at 10 o'clock a. m.

The commissioners hereby reserve the right to reject any and all bids. All bids must be accompanied by a bond with approved securities in the sum of $3500.00 conditioned for the faithful performance of the contract.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the County Commissioners' office, Smethport, Pa.

GEO. GRIFFITHS,
JOHN A. PETERSON,
W. J. WALSH,
County Commissioners.

Attest: C. WEAVER, Clerk.
August 1904.

IRENE JEAVONS'

DRAMATIC AND VAUDEVILL AGGREGATION

ONE SOLID WEEK

Commencing Tuesday, September 6th, 1904,

Under their mammoth canvass amphitheatre Stage and Scenery complete in every detail. They will exhibit on D. C. Young's lot on Main street, opposite Court House.

A refined entertainment, dramatic and vaudeville, intermingled with mirth and melody. A varied and most attractive program of popular and delightful music, interpreted by an unexcelled company of distinguished artists, noted for their magnificent acting, singing and dancing, the beauty of the ladies, the wit of the comedians, the elegance of the costumes and the refinement of the entertainment.

Rich in Humor Crisp in Dialogue Pure in Sentiment

Complete Change of Program Nightly.

New Plays New Company New Specialties.

Ladies' Tickets 10c Tuesday Night Only.

Good sidewalks and a brilliantly illuminated thoroughfare, thickly populated, leads directly to the big tent.

Admission - 10 and 20c

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's ICE CREAM and Soda with Crushed Fruits

Rochester Business Institute

BUSINESS AND SHORTHAND COURSES.

Young people fitted and placed in Business Positions. More positions to fill than candidates to recommend. New 1904-'05 Catalogue ready.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE CLARION STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Furnishes Professional Training for Teachers—Prepares Young People for College—Offers excellent Facilities for General Education. FREE Tuition for Prospective Teachers.—Board, Room Rent and Laundry for School Year, 43 weeks, $127.00; for Fall Term, 16 weeks, $49.60. Station of Pittsburg, Summerville and Clarion Railroad directly opposite Normal Laundry. Fall term opens Tuesday, September 6, 1904. For further particulars address

Principal Normal School, Clarion, Pa.

Westbrook Academy

The leading private school of business, shorthand and telegraphy. Strictly high grade and popular with pupils desirous of the BEST preparation. References in almost every city and town. Send for rates and particulars.

WESTBROOK ACADEMY, Olean, N. Y.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find

Just What You Want.

All line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Case Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

LOOK ME UP

When in need of anything in

Fruit and Green Goods.

I always have on hand a complete line of Periodicals, Magazines, Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery, etc.

Give me a call.

Ellwood Gaskin,
Smethport, Pa.

BIG BARGAINS

IN MEN'S BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING

It is time for me to get ready for and make room for new Fall Stock. Business has been big so I can therefore make some big reductions in all the three Depts. above named. If you don't call in and look around you are surely out of town. . . . . .

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

PURPLE TRADING STAMPS PURPLE TRADING STAMPS

Clearance Sale

Of all Wash Goods, such as Lawns, Dimities, Organdies and other thin goods

ALL GOODS WILL BE SOLD AT COST

Purple Stamps will be given with each cash purchase.

Also what Shirt Waists are left will be sold at cost.

Ask to see the remnant baskets as you will find exceptionally good values.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.

July 19, 1904.

If it is a

Nice Suit of Clothes

that you want now, is the time and this is the place to get it.

This store never knows a dull season and I am always prepared to serve my customers with the best.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

McCoy's Drug Store.

We carry a full line of
BUTTERICK PATTERNS
EASTMAN KODAKS and SUPPLIES
PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN
TUXEDO STATIONARY
and are headquarters for
PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES,
BOOKS, DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES,
CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

McCoy's Drug Store.

It is not Extravagance

If you come to us for your Summer Furniture. It is true that we have the best but it does not cost as much here as much here as the ordinary kind elsewhere.

Be cool and comfortable during the hot summer months. You can do it just as well as not; all it requires is some of our easy Porch Furniture.

"See Sloan First."

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA

Special Blanket Display

OF THE CELEBRATED MUNCY WOOLEN MILLS CO. BED BLANKETS.

EVERY PAIR

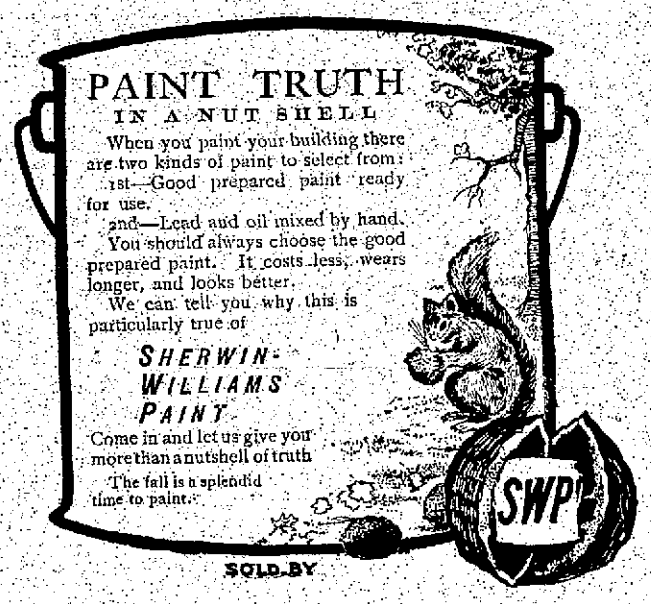
PROPERLY SHRUNKEN. FULLY GUARANTEED.

10-4 Medina Woolen Blankets	$3.50 pair
10-4 Eiderdown Woolen Blankets	3.75 "
11-4 " " "	4.75 "
11-4 Home Delight Woolen Blankets	5.75 "
11-4 Maid o' the Mist Woolen Blankets	5.75 "
11-4 Golden Fleece Woolen Blankets	6.00 "
11-4 100 Per Cent " "	6.00 "
11-4 Gold Medal Superfine California Wool Blankets	8.75 "

If you buy Muncy Woolen Blankets you buy the best, and we're selling them at prices of the cheaper makes.

See East Window Display.

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY


PAINT TRUTH
IN A NUT SHELL
When you paint your building there are two kinds of paint to select from:
1st—Good prepared paint ready for use.
2nd—Lead and oil mixed by hand.
You should always choose the good prepared paint. It costs less, wears longer, and looks better.
We can tell you why this is particularly true of
SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT
Come in and let us give you more than a nutshell of truth
The fall is a splendid time to paint.
SWP

SOLD BY

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE

McKean County Miner.

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 1, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Civil court next week.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Mundy on Friday, Aug. 26, a boy.

—The Lindholm Co. quotes some seasonable prices in its ad to-day.

—Don't forget the benefit ball game at Kane field tomorrow afternoon. Game calls at 3 p. m.

—Frank Purtle will assist the Austin band at the Labor Day celebration in that town next Monday.

—Workmen have been busy during the past week making repairs at the Camp and Haines factories.

—The Austin Autograph is seventeen years old and is a bright, newsy paper. May it live long and prosper.

—If you wish music, orafory, art, or a business course, come to Edinboro Normal. John F. Bigler, Prin.

—Mrs. Garland H. Patterson gave a "tin shower" for Miss Marie Jackson at the parsonage last Friday afternoon.

—Twelve couples of young people from this place enjoyed a corn roast at Burbank's crossing last Friday night.

—The Smethport Lyceum is being repainted—a much needed improvement. R. C. Sasse and Cort Corwin are doing the work.

—Earl Hafner, Almon Heath and Sidney Burdick were offered positions singing in the choir of the Methodist church at Crosby.

—The Edgewood bowling team of Bradford and the Smethport team will have a match game at the Backus alleys to-morrow evening.

—Miss Gertrude Webber of Port Allegany, who has many friends in town, recently announced her engagement to Burt Williams of New York City.

—First call for a football team. Other towns are organizing elevens and Smethport should be represented. We have the players if they can be induced to practice.

—Smethport will have another week of reportoire and change of specialties nightly. The Irene Jeavons Co. will be here next week. The company shows under canvas.

—Mrs. Charles McKean entertained a large party of little folks at her home on Bank street Saturday afternoon. Refreshments were served and the children passed a pleasant afternoon.

—The Presiding Elder of Olean District, the Rev. H. C. Woods, will preach at the Methodist church next Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. The Pastor's subject for the morning service is "Give us this day our daily bread."

—A party composed of the families of N. W. Hyde, Theodore Stilson and Orson Nourse picnicked at the Loop-de-Loop Sunday, returning by way of Clermont.

—Miss Jennie Biever of Smethport is teaching Miss Rose Allen's room this week, until the latter gains sufficient strength to assume her her duties.—Mt. Jewett News.

—The Jeavons, who close their season under canvas in Smethport next week, played a week's engagement in this town about eighteen months ago, and gave general satisfaction.

—Frank S. Davidson in "Old Farmer Hopkins" will be the attraction at the Lyceum Saturday evening, Sept. 10. Mr. Davidson is an old time Smethport favorite and will undoubtedly be greeted by a crowded house.

—E. E. Heath is making many improvements in his barber shop and billiard parlor. By the removal of a partition and various changes the shop is greatly enlarged and made more convenient in many ways.

—C. M. Colegrove, H. W. Rubin and C. D. Comes, viewers appointed by the Court, inspected the route and located a road from the south end of Division street, Mt. Jewett, to a point on the Hutchins road near Campbelltown, yesterday.

—Austin is jubilant over the outlook for being on the main line of the Buffalo & Susquehanna railroad when that road is completed between Buffalo and DuBois. Reports are that the road will be in operation between those towns by next spring.

—At a game of base ball recently played at Chipmunk, between the team of that place and the Carrollton team, one of the players, Lloyd Kelley, was struck in the temple with a pitched ball, and came near dying. He was unconscious for some time.

—M. J. Dwyer has brought suit against Port Allegany borough for damages amounting to several thousand dollars. He fell on a sidewalk last winter and badly fractured his ankle. This is the second suit pending against that borough for damages.

—Enterprising residents of Eldred are arranging for the construction of a half-mile track at that place. Work on the proposed track and fair grounds will be commenced in the spring, and already nearly enough money has been subscribed to meet the required expense.—Bradford Era.

—The will of the late William Smith of Port Allegany has been admitted to probate. Attorney Nelson Rose is executor. According to a correspondent Mr. Smith gave Attorney Rose stocks and bonds amounting to about $20,000, a couple of months before he died. He had no children but leaves a widow well cared for.

—Antonio Giorgio, one of the Italians who murdered John Van Gorder and his half sister Miss Farnham, at West Almond, last May, was electrocuted at Auburn prison early Tuesday morning. His companion in crime, Guiseppi Verfacia, will be electrocuted next week.

—The Coudersport correspondent to the Pennsylvania Grit says: Messrs. Seckman and Raymond recently purchased a large hardwood timber tract at Farmers Valley, McKean county, and have erected a mangle roller mill there. The firm will also build a similar mill at Dansville, N. Y.

—Newman A. Smith of Bradford, a deserter from the U. S. army, was placed under arrest Saturday night at Mt. Jewett. He will be returned to Fort Porter, in Buffalo to-day, says Monday's Era. Smith is a veteran of the Philippine war and in 1903 he re-entered the military service and was assigned to duty at Fort Brady, Mich., from where he deserted in May.

—District Attorney A. M. Duvall, caused the arrest of two Italians, Joe Lemask and Thomas Marsella of Wharton, on the charge of dynamiting a trout stream. The charge could not be proven against Marsella, but Lemask had to pay a fine of $100 and the costs of prosecution. The hearing was held before Justice Orcutt in this place.—Coudersport Enterprise.

—St. Raphael's church of Eldred will give a picnic at Riverside Park, Eldred, Labor Day, Sept. 5. The program includes a ball game between Duke Centre and Eldred. Game called at 3 p. m. Admission to park 25 cents, ladies and children 10 cents. Dancing at Temple's opera house, beginning at 8 p. m. The Portville orchestra will furnish music. All are cordially invited.

—For the present, and until further notice, the meetings of the W. C. T. U. will be held on Saturday. The officers elected for the coming year are Mrs. Martha Chadwick, president; Mrs. Mary Musser, secretary; Mrs. L. E. Mays, treasurer. Members and those wishing to join the union, are requested to hand in their annual dues before Sept. 15, before the county treasurer's books close. Next meeting, Saturday, Sept. 10.

—Rev. P. S. Calvin, who has been absent from Smethport on leave of absence during the past ten weeks, will again occupy his pulpit at the Baptist church next Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Calvin have spent their vacation in postgraduate theological studies in the University of Chicago. They are expected to arrive in Smethport this evening. All friends of the church are especially invited to be present at the services next Sunday.

—Eighty-three of the horses which took part in the last week's races were shipped out of town yesterday by the Adams Express company. It required seven cars to hold the horses and their keepers. The racers will be taken to Johnstown, where they will compete in the race meet. The horses went by the way of the Pennsylvania railroad. It cost over $1,150 to pay the costs of shipping of the horses to their destination.—Bradford Star.

—Joe Crist was given a hearing before Alderman Osborne at 3 o'clock Monday afternoon, on charge of larceny as bailee and was held for his appearance at court in the sum of $100 bail, says the Bradford Record. It is alleged that he secured $15 from several young men at the race track last week, which he was to bet on a certain horse. The victims declare that he did not place the money at all, but retained it in his possession and made a claim that he lost it on the races. V. Digel was one of the complainants.

—J. R. Wetherby of Richburg has been in St. Marys, several days the past week looking over the new oil field. He says that it is difficult to pick up leases for two reasons: First, Hall, Kaul & Co., have leased or own about all of the promising territory and in the second place, landowners who have anything that looks good, don't know what to ask for it and are shy about leasing. Mr. Wetherby brought home some sand from No. 1 and it is dark brown in color, hard, and looks like the Kane formation. It is found at 1,700 feet.—Bolivar Breeze.

—A DuBois special to the Pittsburg Dispatch states the Erie Railroad company and its allied coal corporations, have the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern road and coal properties under option and a transfer is probable. The Erie officials made a thorough inspection of the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern road and mines several days ago and the report is being considered in New York. The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern extends from Hyde, Elk county, to Hornellsville, N. Y., and is 131 miles long. Mines in operation number eight, and the company owns a large acreage of coal yet undeveloped. The transfer would involve several million dollars.

—Michael McReady of Coryville accompanied by a large roll of long green went to Bradford this week. He visited various delight dispensatories accompanied by a couple of newly found friends who finally induced him to board a street car for Custer City, where they claimed to have a boarding house they wished to sell him. When the car reached the suburbs the young men knocked him off and "rolled" him for his large roll. His loss was $170, with no insurance. This is Michael's sad story of his troubles as told to a Bradford policeman. He was sentenced to five days in the lock-up for being drunk. His alleged assailants are still at large.

Ironing boards, Sleeves board, Asbestos, Mrs. Potts, and Old fashioned irons, Tailors goose, Etc., at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

LOST—Two keys on a cigar ribon, on Main street Tuesday evening. Finder please return to Grand Central Hotel.

Personal Mention.

Mr. and Mrs. David L. Barr visited Kane Friday night.

Hon. Lucius Rogers of Kane had business in town Tuesday.

Harry Rubin was among the visitors at Mt. Jewett Friday last.

F. G. Lindholm is visiting friends at Sandusky, Ohio, this week.

Attorney H. N. Rose of Port Allegany had business in town Monday.

Mrs. S. S. Fry visited Port Allegany relatives and friends last week.

W. A. Leonardson of Kane was a visitor in town the first of the week.

Mrs. Thomas Irwin of Flemington, Pa., is visiting friends in this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Lyon of St. Marys were visiting friends in town Sunday.

Miss Sarah Greer returned Saturday from a two weeks' visit with Kane friends.

Attorney John R. Haughney of Eldred was a pleasant caller at this office Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Knapp returned Friday from a two weeks' visit in Boston, Mass.

Cort Corwin Tom Cole were interested spectators at the ball game at Mt. Jewett Friday last.

Misses Rachel, Ida and Stella Rubin were visiting friends in Buffalo and Niagara Falls last week.

Attorney S. W. Smith of Port Allegany had business in town Tuesday and was a caller at this office.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus visited Eldred this week. Mr. Backus is placing pin setters in the bowling alley at that place.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Todd and daughters, Margaret and Lucile, returned from a sojourn at Chautauqua lake on Friday last.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Eastman, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Gallup, and their children returned from a camping expidition Sunday last.

Attorney Sheridan Gorton and Robt. King departed for Shingle House and other Potter county points yesterday on a business mission.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Hopper went to Angelica, N. Y. Monday to attend the funeral of their friend, Mrs. Christine Heers, who died Saturday.

Mrs. Lottie O'Day, who has been a guest of Mrs. James McKean for the past two months, departed yesterday for her home in Detroit, Mich.

Miss Rae McCarty and Miss Mayte Conley of Smethport passed Sunday in Bolivar as guests of the Misses Roxie and Bessie Provin.—Bolivar Breeze.

Mrs. W. J. Kerr of Smethport and Lulu Moulton of Denver, Colo., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Bradley of South avenue.—Monday's Bradford Era.

Miss Rose Reggall of Bolivar is visiting friends in town. Miss Reggall, who was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday, is connected with the Bolivar Breeze.

Mrs. Joseph W. Bouton, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Tull, Miss Ethel Tull, John B. Eastman and Herman E. Tull were in Ceres Monday to attend the funeral of Mrs. R. G. Worden.

Silk Culture Near Bolivar.

A Bolivar special says: Silk worms have been successfully raised in Allegany county, N. Y., this summer. Frank Ostrander of Almond has between 30,000 and 40,000 silk worms, which he has raised at that place during the present summer. He obtained the eggs from the Department of Agriculture at Washington. It required only a few days to hatch them out and for 35 days they have been feasting on mulberry leaves. The scheme was tried as an experiment, the Department of Agriculture furnishing the eggs and buying the cocoons at maturity. The experiment was made to determine whether or not the raising of silk worms can be carried on at a profit in the United States, the great percentage being produced abroad. Mr. Ostrander has just shipped his first production of cocoons to Washington.

Bradford Men Are In It.

An Albany dispatch to Monday's Era says: A certificate of reorganization of the Buffalo, Hamburg & Aurora Railway Company has been filed here with the Secretary of State. The name of the new corporation is the Buffalo & Southern Railway Company. The capital is $1,000,000 and the directors are Louis L. Babcock, Edward M. Mills and Franklin D. Locke of Buffalo; G. Tracy Rogers of Binghamton; David N. Rumsey of Oswayo, Pa.; Frank L. Andrews and L. B. Siebert of Coudersport, Pa.; P. C. Blaisdell of Bradford, Pa.; Theodore N. Bardsdall of Pittsburg, Pa., and A. B. Emery of East Aurora.

I have money to loan on real estate no matter where located, at 4½ and 5 per cent. interest. There is no reason for paying a larger interest than this. If you have real estate that will warrant a loan, write to me about it. All correspondence strictly confidential.

F. Armington Peavey,
Mortgage Broker,
1090 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

For Sale Cheap.

One nice driving horse, two carriages, one set light driving and two single harnesses, robes and blankets, one pair light dickies, one cutter, one oak dining table, one oak bedroom suit, one couch, one range burns gas, coal or wood. For particulars inquire of John Youmans, over Hafner's store. Smethport Pa.

Girls Wanted.

Two girls for general housework. Good wages and nice home. For particulars apply to or address Mrs. Wm. McKeown, Mt. Alton, Pa.

Market baskets, Clothes baskets, Lunch baskets, and Baskets of all kinds
Holmes & Gilfillan

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50 — BELL 'PHONE — BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

DRY GOODS, CARPETS, MEN'S FURNISHINGS.

FRY & COMES

Successors to Fry & Herzog.

Early arrivals of Autumn Goods are now claiming our attention. They are so much prettier just as they come from the packing cases that we want you to have a look at once.

We've priced things in such an economical way that they will move fast. Be first.

FALL STYLES IN LADIES' NECKWEAR

A collection of exquisite creations awaits you. There's an almost endless variety in Laces, Chiffons, Silks, Japanese Drawn Work, Embd. Turnovers and Wide Collars, etc., prices from 25c to $2.50.

MOULTONE WAISTINGS.

A handsome mercerized cloth with a light fleeced back. Very practical for shirt waists and suits. Light and dark patterns per yd. 25c.

FRY & COMES.

CHI-NAMEL LEE,
A BOLD CHINEE,
Is looking for the trade, you see;
His goods are great,
And sure as fate
He'll demonstrate
Chi-Namel's great utility.

Why can he do this? CHI-NAMEL is a varnish made to walk upon. It does not mar; it goes farther; lasts longer; water has no effect upon it; it is beautiful in color and gloss; in fact, it has every quality that you would demand in a varnish, either clear or colored.

A trial can will convince you.
Chinese Wood Oil does it.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
The Ohio Varnish Co.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

FOR SALE BY

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE

DOUBLE STORE IN HAMILTON BLOCK

DIAMONDS AND WATCHES

DIAMONDS

We are offering great bargains at the present time. Your money is well spent when you invest it in Diamonds.

WATCHES

WATCH REPAIRING
DIAMOND SETTING
AND ENGRAVING

7 MAIN ST. PRILL BRADFORD, PA.

GREAT BARGAINS.

During the month of August we are offering special prices on all summer goods.

Hats sold at and below cost.

Great Bargains in white shirt waists and dressing sacques.

A few shirt waist suits, just the thing for hot weather, at prices that will surprise you.

Ladies' and Misses' wash skirts from 69c to $1.90.

A large line of wrappers, corsets, underwear, etc.

Headquarters for infants' and children's ready-made clothing.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN

TO EVERYBODY

Whenever you visit Bradford it is our wish that you come and see us, whether you have cause or not.

Most homes have a man or a boy about and as long as we are in the men's and boys' outfitting business we claim the right to extend an invitation to you to call on us.

New things for spring are opening daily, and now that you know our wishes come.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store

The Messenger Of Cupid

By FORBES DWIGHT.

Copyright, 1904, by K. M. Whitehead.

Ogden Patterson Trevor, with innumerable letters of the alphabet attached to his name and fellowships in innumerable dignified societies on both sides of the Atlantic, sat on the top rider of a rickety rail fence; a seraphic smile on his intellectual countenance and a disreputable brier pipe between his teeth. Before him stretched a vista of sloping fields and level meadow lands already taking on a hopeful green in the mellow warmth of the early spring sunshine.

O. P. Trevor was enjoying it all immensely. The air was soft and balmy; the sunshine warmed his blood, and, best of all, he was possessed of the pleasing sense of duty done, for the last corrected proof sheets of his latest technical work on antennae had been returned to the publishers, and at present there was nothing to do but idle on this rickety fence and drink in the glories of the day.

It had created considerable stir in this little community when the eminent young naturalist had decided to tarry here awhile and rest from his arduous labors on antennae. A number of women socially ambitious had arranged a round of receptions and teas in his honor, but these delicate attentions he deftly and politely evaded by quoting his physician's orders for absolute rest. It was a happy thought to armor himself thus with physician's orders before setting out. He smiled grimly as he pulled his battered old hat over his eyes. Rather a clever bit of strategy, he concluded. It effectually did away with the ilonizing in the courts of his beloved nature. He blew a great cloud of smoke and watched it trail away indolently.

Suddenly his whole bearing changed from one of idle repose to alert attention. He pushed up the hat; he took the pipe from his mouth; he leaned forward perilously on the fence and listened eagerly.

"No," he muttered, frowning in perplexity the while. "No, it can't be." Then he listened again.

"It is," he declared. "As I'm a living sinner, that's a scarlet tanager. Phenomenal—most phenomenal. What on earth is the little beggar doing as far north as this?"

The plaintive, piping notes came from a clump of trees far down the field, and that his eyes might prove the theorem his ears had suggested Ogden Patterson Trevor slid from the fence and started cautiously forward to investigate. He had traversed scarce half the distance to the trees when a small bird rose from the branches and flew to another tree some distance away.

"Amazingly like a scarlet tanager," the pursuer ejaculated, "amazingly so!" And, being a man of some determination, O. P. settled down to the chase.

And the chase was a merry one. The man would be almost near enough to the bird's latest resting place to determine surely whether or not it was a tanager, when away the provoking bit of feathers would fly, with Ogden Patterson Trevor and his innumerable alphabetical distinctions in hot pursuit. He followed the flight across the open fields and through the brambly underbrush of a clump of woods; he wallowed through an alder swamp full of hummocks, and one of the hummocks was treacherous and sent him sprawling into a pool of muddy water. He lost his pipe and tore the rim half off the battered hat, but with unflagging zeal he followed the flight of the elusive bird.

Now, on the other side of the swamp was a sloping garden back of a substantial house, and in the garden was a pear tree, and in the pear tree the bird alighted. The tired, perspiring, dishevelled naturalist saw the bird light on the branch, and he started cautiously thither, worming his way up the slope that on his stomach. Carefully he worked himself to within a few rods of the pear tree where the bird was still perched. He lifted his head from the surrounding grass, took a long look in the direction of the pear tree and smiled beatifically.

"It is a scarlet tanager!" he exclaimed, with unbounded satisfaction.

"I've found you at last! So that's how you do it, eh?" exclaimed a triumphant voice close at hand. "Get up and stand just where you are."

Still smiling beatitudes, O. P. turned. Near another pear tree stood a girl—a charming girl, despite the cold gleam in her eyes and the tight lines about her mouth. In her hand and pointed at the man of science was a long barreled revolver.

O. P. Trevor did as he was bidden. He rose in a stupefied manner and stood before her—a ridiculous, mud stained figure.

"Is it loaded, madam?" he asked, with nervous dignity.

"If you attempt to take a step in any direction you'll find out," said the girl grimly.

"I don't understand," Trevor began.

"Neither did we understand where the lettuce and radishes from our hotbed went to, but we do now," she said significantly. "Oh, such contemptible business!" she burst out. "Of all thieves a sneak thief is the lowest and meanest. If you were hungry, why didn't you come to the kitchen? You'd have been fed for the asking."

Trevor drew himself up. "I wasn't after your garden truck," he said hotly.

"I suppose," said the girl, with cutting sarcasm, "you were taking a stroll for your health and that your manner of approach is your usual method of taking a constitutional."

"I was following a bird," said he, with a dignity that his appearance rendered futile.

The girl's merry laughter rang out at this. She held her side with one hand, and the revolver wabbled about absurdly in the other.

"Following a bird!" she tittered. "For that choice bit of originality I've half a mind to let you go. So poetic too! I suppose you follow birds the year round."

Trevor fished in his pockets and by good luck came across a card, a card with the full alphabetical display after his name.

"Your surmise is quite correct," he said coldly and sealed the card so that it fell at her feet.

She picked up the card and read it. Trevor saw her start and heard her little exclamation of dismay. She glanced quickly at the man standing before her. Something in his face and bearing confirmed the bit of pasteboard in her hands. Her face went scarlet, and she dropped the revolver.

"Oh," she gasped—"oh!"

She turned and fled toward the house, with Trevor following her and shouting:

"I say! Oh, but I say!"

* * * * * * *

Ogden Patterson Trevor, with innumerable letters of the alphabet attached to his name and possessed of fellowships in innumerable dignified societies on both sides of the Atlantic, sat on the top rider of the same rickety fence. Beside him sat his bride. A seraphic smile lighted his intellectual face as he put out his arm and drew the girl to him.

"It was here the chase began," he explained.

He looked thoughtfully across the vista of sloping fields and level meadow lands.

"And to think I should have mistaken it for a scarlet tanager when it was the messenger of Cupid!" he chuckled.

"Speak For Yourself."

Lord Leicester of Holkham nearly a hundred years ago was a widower and in the latter part of his life nearly blind. He enjoyed an intimate friendship with his neighbor, Lord Albemarle, and had in his own mind selected Lady Anne, one of Lord Albemarle's daughters, as the future wife of his nephew and the mistress of Holkham.

One day Lady Anne came along to join his morning ride, and Lord Leicester seized the opportunity of asking her:

"Anne, my dear, how should you like to be mistress of Holkham?"

"There is nothing I should like better," answered Lady Anne, drawing herself up in her saddle.

"Then I shall send my nephew William to court you."

Lady Anne drew herself up still more and, tightening her rein, replied calmly, but very gravely:

"I shall not be mistress of Holkham on those terms."

It was then the old gentleman's turn to rein in his horse. He looked his companion hard in the face and asked her: "Why, you don't mean to say you would marry me?"

"Yes, indeed I would. And there is nothing I should wish more."

This was a wooing that was not "long a-doing," and it led to a most happy marriage.

Cracking of Trees.

The catalpa never shows the scar and yellow leaf in autumn like the sumac, hard maple, etc., for the reason that its leaves are caught in a green, unripened state by the first severe frosts. In one night their bright green is turned to a dingy black. This sudden check gorges the cambium layer and new wood of the stem with water. An excess of water swells the protoplasm of the cells to such an extent as to rupture the inelastic bark, and in trees where the cell structure of the wood is not ripe the crack will extend into the wood often with a noise like an explosion. This often occurs in the fall when it is not cold enough to stop plowing. Sometimes there is much loss in nursery in this way with varieties not fully ripe when the first frosts come. Sometimes, indeed, it injures very hardy varieties. In such cases the swelling of the protoplasm comes from the water absorbed at the ground surface when combined wet and cold come together in autumn. The cracking of cherries and pears comes from the same cause—that is, by absorbing water on wet days, causing an expansion of the protoplasm. With trees the best treatment is to cover the rupture with moist clay and then wrap to exclude the air as much as possible.

Believing, He Got Ready to Dodge.

A Hudson river steamboat captain extended the hospitalities of his snug wheelhouse to a clergyman who could not find a seat on the crowded upper deck. The visitor was chatty, and when he had plied the man at the wheel with sundry questions concerning his spiritual welfare the skipper asked the reverend gentleman:

"Do you believe in predestination?"

"Of course I do," was the emphatic reply.

"Then you believe that whatever is to be will be?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it."

"Why?"

"Because I'm going to pass that boat ahead in just fifteen minutes if there is any virtue in hard coal and safety valves. So don't be alarmed. If the boilers are not going to burst they won't, that's all."

The divine arose, put on his hat and was leaving the wheelhouse when the captain observed:

"I thought you believed in predestination?"

"So I do, but, my good man, I prefer being a little nearer the stern when it takes place."—New York Press.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

HATS AND THE HAIR

IS HEADGEAR RESPONSIBLE FOR THE INCREASE OF BALDNESS?

A Discussion of the Proposition That the Wearing of Hats Be Abandoned, With a Word on the Cause of Colds and All Forms of Catarrh.

"There is considerable evidence," says Nature, "that the vigor of the hair on the head of man, especially in the male sex, is declining. The complexity of the conditions of civilized life renders it impossible to prove that this is due to the cessation of natural selection and the inability of sexual selection to arrest decline, but it is highly probable that this is the case. The more immediate question is this: Is a decline in the growth of hair part of a general degeneration of man's ancestral peinge or is it due to some factor introduced by man himself? It is declared by the reformers who advocate the abandonment of all head covering that the wearing of headgear is responsible for the increase of premature baldness. Hitherto the discussion of the question has consisted of little more than individual opinions and ex parte statements, and it is doubtful if evidence can prove or disprove the doctrine now being advanced. Experiment is, from the nature of the case, out of the question because of the length of time required and the general complexity of the problem. It would seem that the nearest approach to a solution must rest on analogies derived from other characters of man himself and from the lower animals. The study of adaptive modifications (the 'modifications' of Lloyd-Morgan and the 'ontogenic variations' of Osborn) shows that they thrive when exposed to the natural conditions among which they arose so long as these do not become excessive.

"The wearing of coverings for the head affects the hair which is covered in three ways—the natural forces of sunlight, free ventilation and movement from wind are prevented, the arteries which supply the skin of the scalp and nourish the hair follicles are compressed and nutrition thereby diminished, and the headdress affords a culture ground for micro organisms, being also itself impregnated with them. The absence for the third being of the germicidal effect of the sun's rays and of movement of air and the warmth and moisture of the contained air are just those conditions which would be chosen for the culture of those low vegetable organisms. Very much of the premature baldness of men is due to dandruff (Seborrhoea sicca capillitii), a disorder of the sebaceous glands characterized by excessive secretion of sebum and its accumulation in crusts with an admixture of epithelial debris, which leads to destruction of the hair bulbs, and this disease is essentially microbe in origin. From these various points of view it seems to be indicated that the wearing of coverings for the head slowly diminishes the vigor of the hair. If this theoretical side of the matter cannot be demonstrated, but is only extremely probable, the practical outcome of it is no less beset with difficulties. A change of custom, if desirable at all, is less called for in the case of women than of men, for in the former the headgear is mostly of light texture and covers a very small portion of the vertex, at any rate in modern times, and a much larger surface is left exposed to sunlight and air than in the case of men. In addition to this fact it is to be remembered that the evidence for decline in the growth of hair is much less in women than in men. Those whom the practical matter chiefly concerns are children of both sexes, young adults and all male adults, and to these the reformers speak from a sound physiological basis. Whether or not their advice will be taken or ignored as a counsel of perfection remains to be seen.

"Certain objections to it may be anticipated and removed. First, it will be declared to produce 'colds.' It is most unfortunate that this name is given to what modern medicine calls 'catarrh.' The belief that 'colds' are produced by exposure to drafts or cold winds is dying hard and is fortified by the old name so long applied to them. But it is to stultify the great teachings of bacteriology to invoke some casual draft as the cause of disorders of which a nasal catarrh is a type. This danger may be entirely disregarded. It would indeed be for the benefit of the public in more ways than one if they became imbued with the knowledge that pathogenic bacteria of some undetermined species are the efficient cause of all catarrhs. Secondly, it may be feared that inflammatory complaints, such as neuritis or 'rheumatism' in the head, would arise from uncovering the head. This is highly improbable considering how large a surface of the head is always uncovered and that there is no greater protection from hair in the parts uncovered than there is on the vertex. Thirdly, there is undoubtedly some danger, even in temperate climates, from exposure of the head to great sun heat and against this danger special precautions are and always would be taken. Fourthly, there is the danger from septic organic matter in towns. This can hardly be reckoned as important, for the area which is necessarily exposed to it is inconsiderable, and proper hygiene of the hair would render it unimportant. Fifthly, injury to the texture of the hair from heat and cold winds is feared, and this again is negligible in view of the fact that the already uncovered parts of the head are better provided with vigorous hair than the covered parts. Whether the reformers have scientific truth on their side or not, it is possible that the aesthetic aspect of the matter will prove the stronger."

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $75 IN ADVANCE.

THE CHINESE BABY.

Elaborate Ceremonies That Take Place After Its Birth.

On the evening of the first day after the baby has arrived the paternal sinhas, according to the Chinese custom, prostrates himself before a joss and, touching his head to the floor, voices thanks to the gods and to the honorable ancestors for the small son who was sent perfect of body and full of health. On the evening of the second day the ceremony is repeated, and on the third day the voice of the wife joins that of the husband in thanksgiving. Also on the third day a limited number of relatives and friends are called in to witness the first head shave.

The rooms of the home are decorated for this occasion with green branches of either fir, cedar or spruce, to insure fuengsuey, or good luck, to the house. Other ornamentations in honor of the baby are long silk threads, bearing little circles, squares and hearts of gold and scarlet paper. These are festooned from the walls and are hung from the ceiling. A few feet away the threads are invisible and the gay scraps of paper appear to be floating in the air. For the head shaving the guests are seated in a semicircle before the joss.

The mother is carried to a seat of honor to the right of the joss, and the baby, swathed in yards of scarlet and purple silk, is brought in on an elaborate pillow. The eldest child or nearest relative carries a green branch, crossed with threads of scarlet paper, and waves it slowly over the head of the baby. This wards off evil influences and insures good health. After a quaint ceremony by the father before the joss the tiny forehead of the baby is shaved by the mother and a christening similar to that of the Christian religion—except that the prayer is made to the ancestors and the water used to sprinkle the baby is perfumed with sandalwood—is a part of the ceremony.

The name by which the child is afterward known is also bestowed by the mother. After the shaving of the head a cap of scarlet silk, with decorations of gold and jewels and with a tiny round hole in the top, is placed upon the baby's head, and the christening is completed. In every Chinese family, however poor, at least one banquet is given in honor of the birth of a boy. The banquet viands may be only rice and a bit of salt fish, and there may be only a half dozen or so present. Nevertheless the feast is given, for it is baby's right, and the rights of babies are respected by oriental parents.—Leslie's Weekly.

PITH AND POINT.

As you become older, accustom yourself to neglect.

In promises for the future your friends are all good to you.

Listen sister: If you marry money or a title, that is all you ought to expect to get out of it.

When a man is sick and thinks he is going to die he is so badly scared that he is not cross.

If you want to please the hostess don't accept all the invitations extended by the host and the children.

If a husband doesn't like to have his wife save the old love letters he wrote her let him write her new ones.

A man has many advantages over a woman. A man can stop on the street and watch other men work and make suggestions, but a woman can't do it without being talked about.—Atchison Globe.

The Senator's Italian.

A prominent senator, who claims to be rather more cultivated than some of his colleagues, prides himself on his knowledge of Italian. During a recent visit to New York he patronized a street bootblacking stand and as he got into the seat directed the bootblack in his best Italian to make haste, as he was trying to catch a train.

The bootblack stared at the senator for a moment in apparent perplexity, then answered briefly:

"Me no speak English."

A newsboy standing on the corner had witnessed the incident with interest.

"He ain't no Frenchman," he observed confidentially as the senator got down from the stand. "He's a bloomin' dago. Talk Italian."—Harper's Weekly.

Long Winded.

There have been many terms of reproach and ridicule applied to interminable and wearisome talkers, but here are two that seem to be particularly pat:

One is the comment of a politician on a Washington orator, "He has a good train of thought, but it lacks terminal facilities."

The other comes from the village humorist, who said of the village orator, "He's the only feller I ever knew who could set his face talkin' an' then go off an' leave it."

Japanese Pottery.

Everybody who knows anything at all about Japanese pottery knows that there is such a thing as Satsuma ware. Beyond the fact that it is yellowish in tone and always crackled knowledge in most cases does not go, however. The name of the pottery is taken from the clay which comes from the province of Satsuma and is the only clay in Japan, possibly in the world, which will stand the number of firings necessary in the elaborate decorations of which it is the subject.

The Brand.

The old gentleman had just stepped into the crowded car and had accidentally trodden on Algy Fitzgerald's foot. "Confound you, you careless old buffaw!" cried Algy. "You've crushed my foot to a jelly!" "Ah," said the old man calmly—"calf's foot jelly, I suppose!"

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Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank C. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElhoy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John F. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mays, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs. Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, and Leon Curtis.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hamberg, president; Miss Tessa Maymer, secretary; G. B. Mayo, treasurer. W. A. Ostrander, H. H. Redfield, J. H. Rooney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramer
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Choate, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
W. A. ANDERSON, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WM. FERGUSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. JANE N. FORSYTH, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. GILFERHOYE, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter, No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELERS GUIDE.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 29, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:
Train 122, week days 10:10 a. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points North, Olean, Buffalo and points north.
Train 123, week days 4:01 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:25 p. m. New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:05 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:43 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 4, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4:30 a. m., New York 7:13 a. m. Baltimore 2:30 a. m. Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:36 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:15 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:37 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m. week days, (10:38 a. m. Sundays). Baltimore 7:25 a. m., Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:26 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:30 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH A M Lv.	STATIONS	SOUTH Ar P M
2:20	Ridgway	12:01
2:40	Johnsonburg	11:35
2:56	Glen Hazel	11:19
3:07	Straight	11:07
3:12	Instanter	11:02
3:20	Smith's Run	10:55
3:29	Woodvale	10:48
3:35	Clermont	10:40
P M		A M

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 306, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 5, leaving Ridgway at 3:25 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, Gen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr

GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect June 19th, 1904, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct., Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. for all points East and West and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. for Nansen, Marienville, Clarion, Foxburg, Butler, Allegheny and intermediate, and with trains on P. & E. division, Pennsylvania R. R.

10:36 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R.

4:10 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. East and West, and at Kane with P. R. R. for Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

6:15 p. m.—Saturdays only for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Junction and Bradford.

Trains arrive from Bradford, Kane, Mt. Jewett and intermediate points, Daily except Sunday at 9:30 a. m., and 3:40 and 7:30 p. m. Saturday special arrives from Bradford 12:30 p. m. (Sunday).

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummings, ticket agent, Smethport, Pa.

H. H. Gardiner, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Buffalo, N. Y.
J. B. Campbell, Gen'l Supt. Bradford, Pa.

The Pittsburg Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective May 29, 1904

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.) connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 9:25 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 9:30 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:30 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:30 a. m.

9:01 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:36 a. m.), Olean (arr. 10:25 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:45 p. m.).

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:30 p. m.) St. Marys (arr. 1:45 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 4:25 p. m.) and Brockwayville (arr. 4:47 p. m.).

3:20 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 3:40 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:40 p. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr 6:10 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 8:38 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:08 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:34 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr 5:10 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 7:20 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

3:05 p. m.—For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points North, Olean, Buffalo and points north (arr. 7:08 p. m.); Coudersport (arr. 7:45 p. m.); Emporium (arr 8:05 p. m.

Trains arrive:—6:00—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane. 7:30 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont. 12:02 noon—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean. 2:35 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from B. R. & P. 7:22 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

B. F. MARONEY, General Supt. C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt. St. Marys, Pa.

C OUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward. A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	STATIONS	Lv Westward. Dp A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8:05	7:05	2:10	Ulysses	7:20	2:25	9:10
7:50	6:53	2:10	Crowell	7:27	2:32	9:19
7:46	6	1:57	Carpenter	6	2:34	9:22
7:40	6:48	1:53	Perkins	7:32	2:37	9:26
7:37	6:45	1:50	New Old June	7:37	2:42	9:32
0	0	1:45	Newfield	7:41	2:46	0
7:05	6:36	1:41	Gold	7:44	2:49	9:46
7:00	6:30	1:35	Raymond	7:49	2:45	9:47
6:45	6:21	1:20	Seven Bdg's	8:01	3:06	10:02
6:40	6:17	1:20	Colesburg	8:04	3:09	10:10
6:25	6:10	1:12	Frinks	8:12	3:17	10:20
6:15	0	1:05	N. Couds'pt	0	3:26	10:35
6:00	6:00	1:00	Dp. Ar.	8:25	3:30	10:45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport			P.M.
4:20	7:45	12:15	Ar. Dp.	8:28	6:06	1:20
0	0	12:13	Hammond	0	0	0
4:05	7:38	12:09	Olmsted	8:33	6:05	1:31
3:59	7:35	12:05	Mina	8:37	6:10	1:37
3:45	0	11:59	Knowlton	0	6:17	0
3:40	7:25	11:55	Roulette	8:47	6:21	1:51
3:30	7:16	11:47	Burtville	8:54	6:28	2:01
3:23	0	11:41	Coleman	0	6:34	0
3:20	0	0	Chem. Works	0	0	0
3:15	7:05	11:36	Pt. Allegany	9:08	6:40	2:25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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His Flower Fairy

By KATE M. CLEARY

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They were not there when he had left the room.

Percival Craig, the new rector of St. Sebastian's, paused with his hand on the back of the swivel chair which he had been about to give a preparatory twirl before sitting down.

"Another evidence of personal good will," he murmured, his fair, expressive face brightening almost boyishly with gratification. "Verily, my lines seem to have fallen in pleasant places."

One would have conceded that fact, knowing how cultured the minds, how generous the hearts and how high the standard of rectitude among the parishioners of St. Sebastian's. The pastor preceding the present incumbent had grown old in their service. While he had been beloved, it was pleasant to the congregation to welcome the advent of a younger man, one whose opinions, although progressive, were free from the taint of irreverence and whose family connections were all that the most fastidious among them could desire.

This morning, the first that Craig had deliberately settled down to work in his study, he had been called to the door for a few minutes. Now, on his return he found things precisely as he left them, except that on the ponderous tome open upon his desk lay a slender sheaf of hyacinths, heliotrope of hue, freshly cut and fragrant.

"Mrs. Mason!" The footsteps passing through the hall ceased. "Step here, please!"

His housekeeper, ruddy cheeked and gray haired, looked in at the door.

"Did you put these flowers here, Mrs. Mason?"

"Not I, sir!"

"Maybe Ellen did," he hazarded.

"She's been washing windows upstairs this hour back, sir," returned Mrs. Mason. And, muttering something about her custards, she disappeared.

"Strange!" commented the Rev. Percival. But the pleased smile still lingered around his mouth when he had put the delicate spikes in water and was reading the solemn looking book.

Before the hyacinths had faded there was another floral surprise for the rector. This time it was a rose that lay on the printed page—a pink, softly growing, velvety rose—that made him think of Alys Ward. He had met her a few times since coming to his new parish, and he found himself most persistently haunted from the first by her demure beauty and pretty, graceful ways.

"I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO—TO KNOW 'TWAS ME!" SHE SOBBED.

He rang the bell.

"Has any one called to see me this morning, Mrs. Mason?"

"No one, sir." Mrs. Mason regarded him admiringly. He was a fine representative of the church militant. That straight, soldierly figure, square shoulders and proudly carried head would have looked well leading a regiment.

For several days after the finding of the rose instead of loitering in the dining room to read the morning papers Mr. Craig brought them with him directly to the study. The rose drooped. He shook the loosening petals in the big book. There was no odorous successor. But one morning he was summoned to the bedside of a hypochondriac acquaintance who was undergoing one of his periodical attacks of dissolution. Striding absentmindedly into the study on his return, he stopped short, his nostrils assailed by a perfume elusive as exquisite.

"Violets!" he exclaimed. "Violets!"

Violets there were—a blue drift of them across the open pages of the learned book.

This time, in the absence of Mrs. Mason, he interrogated Ellen—and with more success.

"Sure, 'tis a slip av a colleen do be after bringin' them," declared Ellen, who was fresh from the Emerald Isle and a new acquisition in the clerical household. "Her name do be Ward, they tell me. She lives in the great house beyant."

"That will do," said the Rev. Mr. Percival hastily. But he did not read in the wide volume that day. Instead he sat a long time looking dreamily at the violets and wondering—oh, the most marvelous things!

Although he had been much flattered by women, he had scant share of conceit. So at the close of his reverie he sighed. He could attribute to naught save pure neighborliness the gifts of the girl to whom his love had gone out almost at first sight. Nevertheless, when the violets were withered, on two successive mornings he left the house with much ostentation and soon thereafter noiselessly let himself into the hall. On the second morning there was a flurry of white by the study table as he abruptly entered the room, then a fall and a cry of pain. Instantly he sprang across the floor—to pick up the slim little lassie of six, who lay with a bunch of lilies of the valley clasped tightly in her tiny fingers.

"I didn't want you to—to know 'twas me!" she sobbed. "I always brought them to old Mr. Snowdon. Mrs. Mason used to let me in. And he never knew 'twas me. He used to tell me the fairies or—or maybe just one fairy—brought them to him. And I'd laugh and laugh. Ouch!" She colored hotly with the pain. "My foot got hurted!"

"I'll carry you home," Percival assured her tenderly. "You liked Mr. Snowdon (who, by the way, was the predecessor of the Rev. Mr. Craig), you liked him very much?"

"Yes. Maybe I'll like you, too, some time. Alys—she's my sister—says you are most—most—I forget. It was a long word. But it means nice. Tommy Brown says Mr. Snowdon only pretended he didn't know about me being the fairy. Isn't Tommy a horrid boy?"

"Horrid!" assented Percival Craig. "Don't be frightened, Miss Alys!" For she had come flying down the steps at sight of him and his burden.

"Fairies always get well quickly," he assured little May. "I intend coming to see you every day until you can come to see me."

"Do," begged the child from the shelter of her sister's arms. "But you won't ever think I'm a real fairy now."

Alys laid her on the sofa and went out to telephone the doctor.

"Oh, yes; I will if you help me to get my wish. Good fairies always help mortals."

"What is your wish?"

"I want you to coax dear Alys to marry me and have you for flower girl."

"That's easy. Alys will do anything for me," declared May complaisantly. "Say—I remember that word now. It was attractive."

"Good little fairy!" cried Craig, and hastened off. In his study he gently picked up the blossoms she had insisted on leaving. He recalled the look in Alys Ward's eyes when she had taken May from him, and his pulse thrilled. "Good little sister!" he said. "I bear little fairy flower girl!"

Decide What You Will Do.

An engineer who starts to build a bridge and then keeps finding better places to put his piers and wondering whether he has selected the best location or not will never get the bridge across the river. He must decide, then go ahead and build the bridge no matter what obstacle he may strike. So it is with the builder of character. He must decide finally what he will do and then make for his goal, refusing to look back or be moved from his course.

Tens of thousands of young people with good health, good education and good ability are standing on the end of a bridge at life's crossing. They hope they are on the right way, they think they are doing the right thing, and yet they do not dare to burn the bridge they have just crossed. They wait a chance for retreat in case they have made a mistake. They cannot bear the thought of cutting off all possibility of turning back. They lack the power to decide conclusively what course they will take.—O. S. Marden in Success.

Very Ancient Jokes.

When Themistocles was trying to get money out of the Andrians for the Greece defense fund and told them that the Athenians would come with two great gods—persuasion and necessity, the Andrians replied that the Athenians were well off with two such serviceable gods, but they had two gods who all ways dwelt in their country—poverty and impossibility.

Cyprus bitter jest about the fishes to the wretched Ionians, who had declined his overtures, and then after the taking of Sardis wanted to come to terms, has too much cruelty to be humorous. "Say," said the insulting victor, "that a piper, seeing fishes in the sea, were to pipe to them, thinking they will come out to the land, and when he was disappointed of his hope took a net and inclosed a great multitude of the fishes and drew them to land, and seeing them flopping about said to the fishes, 'Cease dancing to me, since you would not come out and dance when I played.'"—Westminster Review.

Queer Scenes in St. Paul's.

At one time the naves of English churches were the resorts of idle loungers, the gentry affecting much to walk to see and to be seen in the various edifices. But the scenes which took place in "Paul's walk," in St. Paul's cathedral, London, became a scandal. The cathedral was termed "at once a thoroughfare, a market and a fashionable promenade." From an act passed in the reign of Queen Mary dealing with this abuse it would seem that beer, bread, fish and flesh were vended there, horses, mules and cattle driven through the building, and, according to an old writer, the midst of the cathedral was the scene of "all kinds of bargains, meetings, brawlings, murders, conspiracies and the rent for ordinary payments of money." It should be mentioned that no difference was made when the service was going on.

GHOST STORIES.

They Are Believed to Be as Ancient as Man Himself.

If antiquity is any guarantee of respectability, we have no need to be ashamed of the belief in ghosts. The first ghost story was told so long ago that no record of its telling remains. Ever since there were men there were ghosts. Savage nations that have no other trace of civilization or even of religion believe in spooks. The belief is so universal and so elementary that there are those who derive all religion from primitive ghost worship. The fear of God, they say, is nothing but a seasoned and developed fear of ghosts. In the dawn of Greek civilization, when the "Odyssey" was written, men believed that the spirits of the departed came sometimes back to earth. Odysseus during his wanderings in which he "saw the cities of many men" had also some dealings with the world below. By the aid of sundry bloody rites he called up the phantoms of the heroes who had perished before Troy. His mother, too, appeared, and thrice Odysseus essayed to embrace her, and thrice she eluded his grasp "like a shadow or a dream."

But the first absolutely conventional ghost story that I can call to mind comes from Athens. It is recounted by a Latin author, who seems to believe in it, and is somewhat as follows: There was in ancient Athens a certain house which no one would occupy. Mysterious sounds were heard in it by night—sounds as of chains being dragged along the ground. When the house had been empty a long time, a philosopher, who would have been a member of the psychical society had he lived in our days, determined to investigate the matter. So one night, armed only with a book and a candle, he took up his position at a table in one of the rooms and having dismissed all his attendants began to read. Presently sounds were heard. It seemed as though some one was rattling chains. The philosopher went on reading, without raising his eyes. Then the footsteps halted at the door. The philosopher read on. Soon he was conscious of a figure advancing toward him, standing by his side and, waving its arms, loaded with chains over his head.

Then the philosopher, who must by this time have acquired all his philosophy, looked up. He saw an old man with a long beard and shaggy hair. Rising, he took his candle and followed the dreadful apparition, which had begun to retreat toward the door. He followed it down to the courtyard and saw it as it reached one of the corners sink suddenly out of sight into the earth.

The next day he had excavations made in the courtyard, and beneath the spot where the figure had disappeared a heap of human bones was found. They were taken up and buried with all the fitting rites. And from that time the house regained its reputation as a desirable family residence. Nothing could be more completely conventional than this ghost story. But it is interesting on account of its very conventionality, for the ghost is the most conventional of things. It is only in novels that it lends itself to the dramatic elucidation of a plot.—London Queen.

The Corsican Clan.

The Corsican loves not work; neither is he greedy for gold, but he is ambitious, an eager politician, keenly desirous of place and power, of anything, in short, that may set him above his fellow men. The word "politician," however, must be understood in a local sense. The questions that agitate the continent have small concern for him. His politics begin and end with the triumph or aggrandizement of his clan. The chief of a clan has no sinecure. He is expected on all occasions to exert himself for the interests of his clients.

If an adherent wishes for a post it is the duty of the chief to obtain it for him. If he has incurred some fine or penalty, the chief must use his influence to get it remitted. His clients in return (as to public matters) will obey his lead implicitly. He may be a republican today, he may turn monarchist tomorrow, but it will make no difference in their allegiance, nor will he lose a single follower thereby. It is an understood thing that what he has done he has done for the good of the clan, and as in former times they would have followed him to the battle so they will follow him to the ballot box today.—Contemporary Review.

Japanese Conception of Poetry.

A western poet wandering through a pine forest at night and suddenly perceiving in the utter darkness a gleam of silver light might compare the moon shining to some fairy palace with glittering window panes—in short, to some object of his experience or imagination. The Japanese poet, on the other hand, would compare the glimmering light to "a moonlit crag of Fuji-yama."

The Japanese always remains an observer. He never becomes one with nature. He does not possess the faculty of endowing inanimate objects with life. To invest clouds and woods with human thoughts and desires, as, for instance, Shelley has done, seems bald and meaningless to him, and such a sentence as "Aurora, veiling herself in clouds, like a blushing girl," he would consider in very bad taste. He looks at the world with the eyes of an ideal realist, or, rather, of an impressionist. Life passes like the dissolving views of a magic lantern, showing one beautiful landscape after the other, each one containing sufficient material for an exquisite vignette.—Reader.

OUR STATE EMBLEMS

LACK OF ARTISTIC TASTE IN THE VARIOUS INSIGNIA.

The Overcrowding of Details Upon a Limited Surface in the Shields—Incongruities of the Designs on Some of the Emblems.

It would argue a singular absence of patriotic feeling or an exceptional degree of intellectual detachment to be able to assess the merits of the national flag viewed wholly from the aesthetic standpoint. It is possible that a denationalized cosmopolite like the late Mr. Whistler could pronounce an unbiased judgment upon the relative artistic merits of the flags of the various nations, but the ordinary citizen who should pronounce the stars and stripes aught but the acme of artistic perfection would be voted akin to him "that would peep and botanize upon his mother's grave." In the flag we see glorious memories and lofty ideals, not harmonies of color or, rather, we never truly see the flag at all, but its sight evokes a flow of feeling which we mistakenly identify with the national banner. Much the same deep seated sentiment attaches to our national coat of arms, the eagle and the shield. Both the flag and the national escutcheon are rightly inviolable.

But the matter is wholly different with the seals and coats of arms of our various commonwealths. The chances are that the ordinary citizen of fair intelligence would be at a loss for an answer if asked offhand to describe the seal of his own state. It is not therefore an altogether hopeless task to essay a few observations upon the artistic merits and defects of state seals with the idea of effecting an improvement in some of them. Timely alteration is the more necessary because the state shields are employed more and more for the architectural ornamentation of public buildings.

There is, of course, no reason—we may as well admit it at once—why our state coats of arms should conform technically to heraldic requirements so long as they do not violate the more imperative behests of good taste. Not a few of the states have seals which are dignified, beautiful to the eye and graced by symbols of historical association. Thus the Calvert arms, which have been transformed into the official shield of Maryland, satisfy all of these desiderata. So, too, the state seal of Connecticut—three conventionalized grapevines upon a plain field surmounting a scroll with the motto, "Qui Transtulit Sustinet," is altogether in good taste. Many of the shields offend the eye, however, and the most common causes of offense are the overcrowding of details upon a limited surface, the inartistic attempt to preserve traces of historical association, the use of misleading symbolical representations and occasionally an undiscriminating and exuberant civic magniloquence which culminates in the veriest artistic bathos.

Some one has suggested that if our civilization were suddenly to be blotted out, and the sole remaining monuments were our gravestones, the inscriptions and figures thereon would produce a most bewildering misconception of our views upon most subjects of human interest. Very similar would be the result if all that remained to the far off historian and archeologist, as the sources of our history, were the coats of arms of our commonwealths.

For example, they would certainly be mystified as to the Indian aborigines. The noble red man appears on three shields and in three distinct garbs. On the Massachusetts shield stands naty Bumppo, shapely and muscular in build, clad snugly in his deerskin jacket and leggings, with bow and arrows in hand and a couple of crow feathers cocked aslit in his hair—one, by the way, of the best shields, artistically considered, of the whole lot. On Florida's shield stands a placid and buxom Mrs. Lo, with fringed skirt falling to the knee—she whose image formerly advertised the tobacconist's shop—holding a branch, presumably of the weed, doubtless portraying the aboriginal race that inhabited the Everglades. But the height of philistine vulgarity is reached in the shield of Oklahoma. Here a melodramatic Indian of the dime novel variety, who is made to look like an iguana or horned toad by a ten foot string of feathers down his back, is striking hands with a plebeian white, while before them both an impassive Goddess of Liberty in a star spangled waist and a red and white bunting striped skirt holds aloft the scales of justice. Equally baffling to the future archeologist is the industrial equipment represented on state shields. In the effort to preserve historical associations of an inanimate kind the designers of our republican escutcheons have accumulated a prodigious assortment of machines and other impediments which, today, are more or less of antiquity than of the junk shop. Antique plows such as Cincinnatus would have discarded, sea craft of wonderful pattern, sail bearers, canal boats, steam boats and side wheelers beside which a modern liner is an insignificant lighter, with the cornucopia, the eagle, the caps of liberty and similar classical impedimenta. How early was this tendency to mix classical and colonial symbols is amusingly illustrated in a letter written by John Adams to his wife, the redoubtable Abigail, under date of Aug. 11, 1776. He relates that he has been put upon a committee of congress to prepare a device "for a great seal for the confederated states" and recounts various devices suggested by Jefferson, by Franklin and by himself. One of the designs proposed to the committee represented on one side of the seal "Liberty with her pileus; on the other a rifler in his uniform, with his rifle gun in one hand and his tomahawk in the other, this dress and these troops, with this kind of armour, being peculiar to America, unless the dress was known to the Romans."

Another amusing peculiarity of these shields is seen in the curious distribution of heraldic flora and fauna. The lone pine of Maine and Vermont, no less than the palmetto of South Carolina, is highly appropriate, but it is hard to say why the Wolverene State has its shield supported by a stag and an elk, or why Missouri has appropriated the bear and Indiana the buffalo. Judged by numbers, the deer is the most popular of heraldic animals, second only to the ubiquitous eagle. Louisiana displays its ingenuity in domesticating the pelican, while Wisconsin has surmounted its shield with what is probably intended for a beaver, but what looks uncommonly like a lizard walking a rope. Even more misleading than the flora and fauna is the topography of the various shields. These might be supposed to represent the typical landscapes of the states, and often this is the case. But while we might approve of a mountain chain on shields of the Rocky mountain states it is certainly misleading to find in the background of the shields of Florida, Ohio, Indiana, Kansas and Nebraska a series of jutting and precipitous peaks which might fairly astound the denizens of Chile or Peru.

In the matter of costume the task of our self taught heralds was more than uncommonly difficult. The timeless universality which from the artistic standpoint is so great a recommendation of the undraped human figure for coins or statues they could not utilize. The unconscious nudities of sculpture shocked the pioneer, and even the cultured descendants of the Puritans objected to the Bacchante out of doors. In consequence of our strong national feeling which identifies clothing and respectability the designers studiously avoided the undraped figure and of course found great difficulty in hitting upon a substitute costume at once statuesque and appropriate.

Free flowing drapery, supposedly classic, infolds the godlesses who support the shields of New York and New Jersey. Similar divinities on the shields of Virginia and California are supplied with helmets and coats of mail. On the Maryland shield the human figures wear the uniforms of the beefeaters of the Tower of London, while on the shield of Georgia the cocked hat and knee breeches of the Georgian epoch appear. Then comes the deluge! Red shirted plowmen, smiths, miners and the ubiquitous pioneer, with his trousers tucked into his boots, decorate, if that term may be so desecrated, fully a dozen coats of arms. The approved style of headgear is the derby, with a low crown, known in the vernacular of a past decade as "the gumdrop style." Variations upon this typical pioneer costume are found in the traditional long cape overcoat worn by our soldiers in the civil war and occasionally by our recognized senatorial toga. Both of these variants appear on the shield of Kentucky, where two maudlin looking individuals literally exemplify the state motto, "United We Stand; Divided We Fall."

A certain bathos of conception frequently manifests itself either in the scene portrayed on the shield or in the appended motto. Thus Virginia's attitudinizing armor clad goddess, with her sword drawn, stamping on a prostrate figure and exclaiming "Sic semper tyrannis" is rather sophomoric, to say the least. The shield of Arkansas portrays a scene which suggests an untutored darky's picture of the second advent. A goddess in heaven surrounded by a circle of stars bears in her hand a wreath, while below her an angel grasps an eagle, who holds in his mouth a scroll bearing the legend, "Popull Regnant." On the shield of Wyoming are emblazoned two monumental pillars surmounted and infolded by a scroll on which one reads, in letters of the same size, "Equal Rights—Live Stock—Grain—Mines—Oil." This is unpleasantly suggestive of an implied parity of values.

The causes of the artistic failures are primarily a lack of unity and simplicity in design and an attempt to surcharge a limited area with a bewildering wealth of inharmonious detail. The secondary causes have been a civic exuberance that will submit to no artistic check or control and an effort to preserve historical associations without first idealizing the symbolism of bygone epochs.—New York Post.

Two Injuries.

Perhaps the man who maltreats a book, even by accident, deserves to pay for it twice over, and logically he may sometimes be justly called upon to do it. A daily newspaper says that a borrower recently handed in a book at a public lending library, and the attendant thereupon discovered a hole in one of the leaves.

It was necessary to enter a description of the damage in a book kept on the counter. A clerk entered the title and number of the book, and the attendant described the damage thus:

"Page 215, a hole." Then he turned the leaf and added, "Page 216, another hole."

Useless Buttons.

Why are there two buttons, or even one, on the sleeve of a coat? The writer took a census of his buttons and found that sixty of them were unnecessary. He is particularly anxious as to the two buttons behind on a frock coat. Taking a survey of the whole human family, he finds that there are 800,000,000 buttons worn, all of them useless. No one has discovered the necessity for fourteen or sixteen pockets concealed in men's clothes. This is the limit of superfluity.—Philadelphia Ledger.

TWISTS IN WORDS.

The Queer Way That Many Names Have Been Corrupted.

Foreign words have often been roughly handled. In India, for example, a certain kind of large orange is called a "pimple nose." This is the Tamil "bambulimas." "Jerked beef" is not beef that has been jerked, but the Peruvian word "charqui." A "compound," the inclosure round a bungalow, is the Malayan "kampung." Catchup is the Chinese "kwaitchap."

Many folk etymologies are amusing. We talk of Jerusalem artichokes. Jerusalem has nothing to do with the vegetable at all. The name comes from the Italian "girasole," the flower which turns with the sun. Nor do Jordan almonds come from the banks of that famous stream. Jordan is simply jardin. A Jordan almond is merely a common or garden almond. Hawthorn is not the thorn which bears haws. It is the old English hagthorn, or hedge thorn. Pennyroyal is pullal royal, from Pulegium regium, or fleabane.

A good dialect name for the bat is airy mouse, or hairy mouse. These are both corruptions of the old English hreremus—i. e., flying mouse. The name Neddy for a donkey or a simpleton has no connection with Edward. It is "an eddy," the old English "eald," or "eadig," meaning innocent, and therefore by implication easily imposed upon.

The aisle of a church has no right to its fantastic spelling. The "s" has been thrust in on the mistaken idea that it was connected with "isle" or "island." It is really "ala," a wing. When people talk of the middle aisle, they further confuse it with the French allee. Frontispiece should be frontispice. The last syllable is from the Latin "spicio" and has nothing to do with "piece." Choke full does not really suggest choking, but the cheek or chuck, which was the Saxon for throat. Outrage has nothing to do with rage. It is not out-rage, but outrage, the root idea being excess (French outre), not passion. Jaunty is genty—i. e., genteel. Gingerly is the same in the comparative degree. A dressing down is a thrashing down. A boy who is up to larks is a boy who "lakes" or plays. "Taking" for holiday making is still the usual word in Yorkshire or Lancashire. If you call a maiden "a bonny bird," the bird really means bride. The epithet rusty for cross has nothing to do with rusty iron. It originally was "resty," applied to a horse and meaning stubborn. Rusty bacon is reasty bacon—that is to say, it has stood too long. (French reste.) A rakebell, or rake, is not a man who acts as stoker for Satan, but in old English rakel—i. e., rash and riotous.

Argosy has nothing to do with Jason's ship, the Argo, but comes from ragosie, a vessel of Ragusa. The black art is wrongly named. It obviously obtained its color adjective from negromancie. But the low Latin negromantia was itself a corruption of the Greek nekromanteia. Divination through the dead was the idea. The idea of blackness was a delusion. Even a belfry is not connected with bells. A housemaid's "glory hole," or cupboard, connotes anything but glory. It really means a dirty hole. Glaur is still used in many localities for dirt, and glorgie is good Scotch for muddy.—London Telegraph.

Water and the Human Body.

Comparatively few people know what a large amount of water the human body consists of. A man weighing 200 pounds is made up of 120 pounds of water and 80 pounds of solids. The latter includes bone, muscle, etc. Even the fat of the body contains 15 per cent of water, the liver is made up of 60 per cent and the blood of 80. The skin contains 72 per cent, the brain 75 and the muscle 75.

It may be naturally supposed that a fluid so universally distributed throughout the body must constitute a very important article of its existence. Experiments have shown that on water alone life may be sustained as long as fifty-five days, whereas if dry food only were given death would ensue in a quarter of that time, and this in a most agonizing way. The terrible agony that shipwrecked mariners sometimes suffer in this way will induce them to drink sea water, and this adds a hundredfold to the uncontrollable thirst that induces delirium and death.

Transient Islands in the Pacific.

The western Pacific is a great place for islands that emerge from waves unexpectedly and as suddenly disappear. Sometimes they come up and stay, but more often they have an existence merely temporary. The wondering skipper misses a familiar landmark by which he had been accustomed to get his bearings, and perhaps the next day he runs his vessel's nose upon a brand new piece of territory that has sprung up out of the water since he last came that way. The region south of Japan is so given to this sort of eccentricity that ships avoid it. Volcanic action is responsible for such phenomena. Reports of them will be noted on the pilot chart in every case, though they are not always reliable, because backs of sleeping whales and schools of fishes running along the surface are frequently mistaken for islands and shoals.

A Duke Rebuked.

When commanding the warship Galatea some years ago the Duke of Edinburgh called in plain clothes on an admiral, who rebuked him with the stiff greeting, "I should have been very happy to receive your royal highness on any other occasion, but unhappily at this moment I am expecting a visit from the captain of the Galatea." The duke went back to his ship and put on his uniform.

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BRIGGSY

—By—

ROBERT C. V. MEYERS

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NEVER in his life had Briggsy felt queerer than when he saw Carter pick up the little crayfish "wad" that had dropped from the "old man's" pocket as he drew out his bundle of keys in passing rapidly through the workshop. It was quicker than a flash. The "old man" was just taking a long step over a big splash of oil on the floor, and he didn't get his foot down on the other side of it before the money was in Carter's pocket and Carter was at work again as if nothing had happened.

A chill went up Briggsy's spine, and then he burst into perspiration all over. It was as if he had done the thing himself.

But this couldn't be the end of it. The "old man" would certainly miss his money the quicker because he always walked with his hands in his pockets. It was a wonder that he didn't miss it before he got out of the room, yet Briggsy saw the door close behind him.

"He'll be back; he'll be back in a minute," thought Briggsy. "And then what'll I do? If it was anybody but Cart! It would kill his sister. I couldn't give away Mamie's brother. Not me."

The thought of Mamie suggested an interesting possibility, and as the minutes passed and the "old man" did not come back Briggsy had time to consider the matter. The gist of it was that Carter had not taken this money for himself, but for his sister.

Mamie was lame. She couldn't walk a step alone. But the doctor who had looked out for her case more or less since she was hurt had said that with the aid of a certain complicated machine to support her back she could walk pretty well. The machine cost $50, and that was a good deal of money to earn. Briggsy had sometimes thought of borrowing it, but never of stealing it.

Then he fell to thinking of Mamie as he was accustomed to see her evening after evening at her window as he and Cart reached home, smiling and making believe she liked to sit there forever sewing at the work for which she was paid such starvation prices, though, as she said, the work was not over fine and probably worth not much more than she received for it. That was the way with Mamie, always looking on the bright side and encouraging her brother, who was often gloomy and blamed himself for the accident which had injured her spine.

For Carter a year before, thinking to have some fun with Briggsy, whose room adjoined the tiny flat inhabited by Cart and his sister, tied a string across the stairs for tripping purposes. Mamie tripped instead of Briggsy and afterward spent months in bed, only supplementing that inactivity by sitting at her window later on, her limbs powerless.

Briggsy wondered if she were not sometimes as gloomy as Cart when nobody was by and she sewing there alone and seeing no end to her helplessness. And now there might be a chance for her to walk. And yet—

He bent over his work and filed and polished with feverish energy. When the day's duties were over he waited for Carter, for they usually went home together. Carter had a frown on his

IT WAS QUICKER THAN A FLASH.

face, such a frown as settled there when he was in his "bluest" mood. They walked along in silence.

Mamie's going to get that thing that'll help her to move about," Carter all at once broke out.

"It costs $50, don't it?" asked Briggsy.

"Suppose it does!" snarled Carter. "I've got the money."

Briggsy nodded.

"I've saved up for a year," Carter went on. "I've done without—oh, everything. She's got to walk, I tell you. The doctor says she must go out in the sun and air, and how can she do it without that machine? I'm going to get that machine tonight."

So they came to the store of surgical affairs, in the window of which were displayed odd looking bandages and steels designed to assist nature when the human frame had lost some of its machinery or was deficient in normal activity.

At the door Briggsy put his hand on his friend's arm.

"Cart," he said, "do you think Mamie'll like you for doing this?"

Carter shook off the hand.

"Don't she want to walk?" he demanded. "There's nobody but her and me, and suppose something 'd happen to me and she'd be left by herself? Could she go on sitting up there alone and nobody to do anything for her? Ain't we alone in the world—father and mother both dead?"

Thus they went into the store, and in a few minutes more they were on their way to Mamie.

To see her white face light up when she spied them from her window, to hear her exclamation when Carter showed her what he had for her!

"Oh, Tom!" she said. "And you've saved for a year to get it!" She pulled his face down to hers. "I never told you, but I've wanted to walk so much. And now I'll learn all over again. And maybe I can go and find better paying work, for if you'd get sick or be laid off at the factory what should we do with the little I earn? Oh, Tom, what a dear fellow you are!"

But Carter was gloomier than ever.

"Now," he said, "I'll go and get Mrs. Willett to help you put the apparatus on. It's perfectly simple. You see, this bandage is on top at the back, and this stay comes down behind."

Briggsy left them and went to his own room, though he did not get his supper, as he should have done. He sat down and thought. Soon he heard Mamie laughing with glee and could hear her making her first attempt at walking, clumsily, heavily, but taking a step nevertheless.

"Yes," said Briggsy, pounding his hand on the table, "I'll do it." It was a firm resolution, and yet it did not enable him to make preparations for his supper. Instead for some time he sat there in the dark and never once raised his head.

Then all at once he heard a strange clumping sound outside his door. And there was Mamie, Cart's arm around her, positively standing upright.

"I thought I'd pay you a call," she said. "It's just grand! I'll learn to walk in no time. And then what holidays we'll have! We'll go to the country and see the trees and the birds or downtown to look at the parades. I'll soon learn, only I'm a bit nervous just now. And, Mr. George Briggs, I've come to invite you to take supper with us. We'll celebrate the day."

Of course Briggsy went.

"I'll get some cakes," said Carter and disappeared.

She was lively all the evening, so lively that it was a wonder her brother remained gloomy and at last said he had forgotten something and must go out. Briggsy also left the room.

"Going with me?" Carter asked. "I'm not feeling very well, and a walk 'll help me."

Briggsy said he believed he'd go to his own room.

"Go if you want to," growled Carter and went down the stairs.

Briggsy had a hard night of it. He scarcely slept at all. Once he said: "Anybody 'll believe it was me. I'm only a charity child. I'll do it."

In the morning he had no desire for breakfast. He did not wait for Carter, but went off alone an hour too early to go to work. He walked the streets till the factory whistle sounded and then went to the room where he and Carter and ten other men worked together.

Briggsy was the last to arrive, and the door had scarcely closed upon him when it opened to admit the "old man." His name was Hallett, and he was a fine old fellow, very well liked by the employees. He was of stout build, with a round, smooth, boyish face, and he had scanty gray hair which stood up in little tufts. It was said that these tufts stiffened like the hair on a cat's back when he was angry. On this particular morning they were in a strange tangle, as if he had been rubbing them in some dire strait of perplexity, and his manner was characterized by embarrassment.

"Er—gentlemen," he began, "there's a matter I want to speak to you about this morning." He paused and stretched his collar with his fingers as if it choked him. "To make a long story short," he continued, with a great effort, "I dropped some money in this room yesterday afternoon. Now, don't say a word. I'm not mistaken about it. I wish I were. The money was dropped right here—five ten dollar bills in a roll. The room has been searched, and the money's gone. Somebody's got it. Now, I don't want to be harsh. I know the temptation. Perhaps the man who found it didn't know it was mine. We'll say he didn't know where it came from. He just found it and put it into his pocket.

"Well, what shall we do about it? If he keeps it any longer he'll be a thief, and he'll be putting eleven honest men under unjust suspicion. He ought to give it back for the honor of his fellow workmen. And I say this: If he brings it back today that'll be the end of the matter," Then the old man went out.

There was a brief silence, and then Carter said in a low voice so charged with guilt that Briggsy looked around in wonder at the men who seemed to have no ears:

"It's a mistake. He never dropped it here."

This remark met with scant approval. It was the general opinion that the "old man" knew what he was talking about.

Just after the whistle blew one of the men called out: "If any man or boy here knows anything about that money let him be decent and own up and not let the rest of us bear the brunt of it. He'd better, for the 'old man's' got fire in his eyes, and the detectives will do the rest."

The detectives! Briggsy had not thought of them. He credited them with unfailing ability to unearth anything. It would never do to let them get in their work. And that man had said, "Let the guilty one own up!" The resolution of last night when he had pounded the table and said he would "do it" rose before him. But to brand himself like that! And yet there was no time to lose. If the detectives were called in which of the employees might be accused?

The result of Briggsy's meditations upon this matter was the conviction that he must do something, and do it mighty soon, yet the afternoon kept slipping away. Briggsy had a scared eye on Carter most of the time, and he tried to keep the other one on the door, through which he momentarily expected to see the detective of his imagination appear with handcuffs for the guilty. No such calamity occurred, and the time to quit work arrived at last.

Briggsy sneaked out of the room first, and he felt that every eye was on him. The grimly humorous fancy came to him that some of these men "would think themselves mighty smart" before long. His legs felt like pieces of string, but they carried him to the door of Hallett's private office. He knocked and was admitted.

Hallett sat in his accustomed place, and nobody else was present except a strange man, rather shabby and of a sad countenance, who was leaning on the edge of the big roll top desk. Briggsy eyed the stranger with alarm, suspecting his profession.

"Well," said Hallett, "what is it? Speak up!"

Briggsy took his courage in both hands.

"It's about the money," said he.

"So I supposed," remarked Hallett.

"Could—could a feller pay it back?" Briggsy began.

Hallett looked at him curiously.

"Why, certainly," said he. "That's what I told you all this morning."

"I mean slow," gasped Briggsy. "Terribly slow—say a—a dollar a week."

Hallett glanced suddenly up at the man who was leaning on the desk. The stranger took the hint and spoke up promptly:

"I'll tell you what, my boy," said he, "you ain't made up your mind. That's what's the matter with you. You don't know what you want to say. And my suggestion to you is that you go out and take a walk and think it over. I'll have a talk with you by and by."

"I'm ready," Briggsy began.

"No, you ain't," said the man. "You ain't ready, and neither am I. Go out and take a walk."

And Briggsy went.

In his room that evening he hardened his heart to bear the brand of shame. Nobody came near him. He judged that Mamie was not in her room. She must have learned to walk already, and her brother had gone out with her. She would have a good time, and Briggsy was glad of it, and his agreeable thought came

"HAVE YOU BROUGHT THE MONEY?"

to temper the bitterness of his reflections he felt conscious of a drowsiness which was exceedingly merciful, and so he fell asleep, fully dressed, upon his bed.

He awoke refreshed and with a better courage in the early morning, and after a bite of breakfast he walked toward the factory with a strong and increasing resolution. He saw nothing of the detective nor of Mr. Hallett. He had vaguely expected that they would be waiting for him at the factory gate. One or two men looked at him peculiarly, but he encountered no unusual incident until he was inside the factory, when a man from the office met him and told him to go to Mr. Hallett's private room. This summons was like the closing of prison gates behind him, but he obeyed it readily.

He had decided to make no further offer to return the money piecemeal. He would earn it some day. That was all he knew about the matter. People were permitted to earn a little money in prison, he had heard. Anyhow, he would do his best. The money was spent. It couldn't be got back even if Carter were found out.

In the office were Mr. Hallett and the detective. One might have supposed that they hadn't moved since Briggsy was there last, their attitudes being precisely as he remembered them.

"Well, Briggs," said Hallett, "have you brought the money?"

"No," replied the boy. "I haven't brought it, and I can't bring it. It's gone. But you'll get it some day. That I'll swear to."

"Briggs," said the "old man" sternly, "you didn't take that money, but you know who did."

Briggsy drew himself up to his full height, which was a little more than five feet. He slapped himself on the chest.

"I'm the man," said he. "Lock me up."

Hallett looked at him for some seconds, smiling.

"We've found out where the money went," he said.

Briggsy turned faint.

"Don't you believe it!" he said. "You just listen to me, and I'll"—

"It went to buy a piece of apparatus for Miss Mamie Carter, a very bright, nice, honest little girl, as I see her," said Hallett. "She called on me last evening."

"She—called—on—you!"

"Yes," said Hallett. "She came with her brother. He was there by her request—distinctly by her request."

"You see," continued the "old man," "our little friend, our poor little friend who is lame, happened to hear about some money being lost, and, being of the feminine gender, she jumped to a conclusion. So she had it out with her brother, and the upshot of it was that he brought her to me with the walking machine in her hands, for, of course, she couldn't wear it after she'd found out how she'd come by it.

"Well," continued Hallett, after a pause, "that was a sight to draw tears from our friend here"—he jerked his thumb at the detective—"who doesn't weep often, as I'm well convinced. Miss Mamie was afraid the man who sold the machine wouldn't take it back and pay full price, but she was going to earn the difference herself. Now, it just struck me suddenly as she was making this proposal that she could earn the money easier if she had the harness to wear, so I begged her to keep it. And then her brother and I got down to business and settled our little affair upon some such basis as you proposed yesterday afternoon. So there'll be no trouble."

"And now, Briggs, a word to you. Don't try to palm yourself off for a thief again. You look too honest. You couldn't fool—why, you couldn't even fool a detective. He saw through you in a minute. Go back to work now, and we'll say no more about it. You did wrong. It's always wrong to shield a criminal or to help a misguided man to walk in the way of the transgressor. But, confound you, Briggs, I rather like you for it."

Ways of the Wren.

It is to be noted that if more than a year old wrens come directly to their nesting site of the preceding summer. If it is still intact, all's well. There is no loitering in the neighborhood, nor has it ever happened that a single bird appears and a mate subsequently comes upon the scene. The pair arrive together. This is unquestionably true of wrens of the past seven summers and suggests that the marital tie is not voluntarily broken whatever the birds' careers from August to April. The mate may lose his mate, but he soon finds another, and the widowed bird may lose her lord, but she promptly mates again, and so one or the other keeps the old summer home in mind, and it is never forsaken. It becomes a fixed feature of their lives.—London Opinion.

A Nice Way.

He—I wish I had the key to your heart. She—Indeed! What would you do with it? He—Insert it in wedlock, give one turn and throw it away forever.

RAW FISH AND WASABI.

An Appetizing Dish That Is a Favorite In Japan.

Not so well known among the occidentals as soy sauce, but of equal merit as an appetizer, is wasabi. Its use is universal in Japan. It serves the same purpose that horseradish does on occidental tables, but is less acrid.

My own introduction to wasabi was unique. I count among my most pleasing experiences in this sunrise land my meeting with Tumio Yano, novelist and diplomat. And not the least item in my debt of gratitude to him is that he taught me to appreciate my raw fish and wasabi. Mr. Yano has been the mikado's ambassador to China and other lands. One night at the Nippon club he led up to a delicate subject on the menu with much diplomacy. He finally got my assent to the statement that a cosmopolitan appetite is one of the distinguishing marks of cultivated travel. Then he passed me raw fish!

I confessed that I was willing to be a stick in the mud or any other variety of silurian rather than take place with the international elect by eating such a dish. My host, however, was painfully insistent, finally adding that with raw fish they, of course, ate wasabi. Now, I did not have even a vague notion of what this might be, but with that raw proposition before me it was comforting to know that at least it was to be diluted with something. I conjured up an experience in taking castor oil unbuilded under sherry and sarsaparilla, which, while not a beverage one would grow to crave, might have been worse. I figured out also that with my gaucheries with chopsticks I might manage without exciting suspicion to drop the fish before the fatal moment, and eat only the mysterious wasabi. But whether through cowardice or courage I cannot say, fish and relish made quick and simultaneous journey to my reluctant palate, and in the never to be forgotten instant there flashed into my consciousness the undeniable truth that in all my accidental years I had been denied one of the most savory dishes in the world. Charles Lamb's Chinaman had jubilant delight over his first taste of roast pig, but that is a degraded passion compared with an Anglo-Saxon's initial ecstasy over an oriental morsel of raw namdsu garnished with the appetizing roots of Eutrema wasabi. All honor to triumphant agricultural Japan, and may this far eastern member of the mustard family take deep root and spread and flourish in my native land!—Harold Bolce in Booklovers' Magazine.

Field Arrived.

After Eugene Field's return from his first trip to Europe, where he "spent his patrimony like a prince," and before he went to Denver, he had a little close personal experience with hard times. One day he walked into a leading St. Louis hotel and, squaring himself before the register, inscribed his name in his well known copperplate chirography. The clerk had never heard of him, but he read the name with a quick glance and said:

"Do you wish a room, Mr. Field?"

"No," was the answer.

"Dinner?"

"No."

"Then may I ask what you do want?" continued the clerk.

"I just wanted to arrive," replied Field solemnly. "I had not arrived at a good hotel for many months. I feel better. Thank you," and he stalked out with long, heavy strides.

Flamingoes.

A writer on flamingoes, which he has studied in their haunts in the Bahamas, says of them: "They are probably as near to the geese as to any other order of birds, having a similar structure of bill and feet and somewhat similar feather character. They are unique, however, in their curiously bent bill, which, though gooselike in general ecouoiny, is constructed in every detail upside down, as the bird in feeding reaches down to the bottom and places the top of the bill down. The tongue is also constructed in the same inverted way. The webbed feet are for sustaining the birds in the soft ooze they love to feed in, acting like snow shoes."

A National Bank.

The proprietors of the Mt. Jewett bank have concluded to change the character of our local financial institution, and will shortly make application for a charter for a national bank, the capital to be fixed at $50,000. In addition to those at present interested, Wilson Kistler of Look Haven and B. N. McCoy of Kane, both well known men of means, will have places on the board of directors. This broadening of the character and capital of the institution cannot fail to have a decidedly beneficial effect upon the material interests of this community.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

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Permitting stop off at Chicago without additional cost. For full particulars see local agents or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St. Buffalo, N. Y. Or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A. Holland, N. Y. For tickets to Chicago and all points west, call on A. L. Colegrove, Smethport.

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All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

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